TWOPENCE
Vol. LXI.
1615.

IT'S UP TO YOU, NEVILLE! *by* A. G. Gardiner (SEE PAGE THIRTEEN)

JOHN BULL

Ingersoll LEGION WATCHES & CLOCKS

For over 40 years Ingersoll has maintained a world reputation for dependability, accuracy and sterling value. The Ingersoll Legion Watches and Clocks inherit this tradition. They embody the latest advances in the scientific construction of accurate timekeepers. Each Ingersoll Legion Watch and Clock is of handsome modern design and specially tested and adjusted to ensure reliability.
Ask an Ingersoll Accredited Agent to show you the extensive Ingersoll Legion range, or choose your model from the illustrations in this announcement.

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Pocket Watches 7/6 to 25/-
Men's Wrist Watches 15/- to 84/-
Ladies' Wrist Watches 15/- to 63/-
Alarm Clocks 8/6 to 15/-

15/-

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Chromium Case. Mirage Shape. Silk band. Unbreakable Crystal. Silvered Metal Dial 15/-

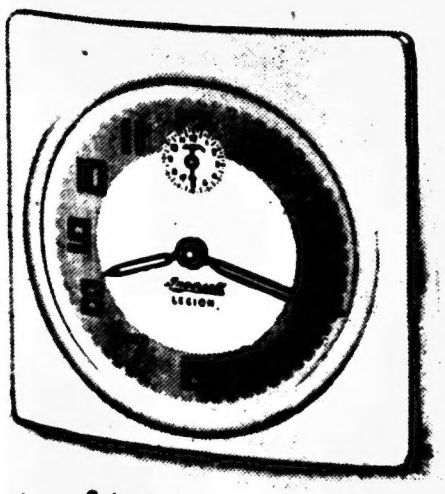
25/-

Code No. 228
Rolled Gold Case. Paris Shape. Silk band. Unbreakable Crystal. Silvered Metal Dial 25/-

63/-

Code No. 231
15 jewelled movement. 9 ct. Gold English-made Case. Rectangular Cut Corners with shaped glass. Silvered Metal Dial. Moire band. 63/-

The Watch illustrations are Two-thirds actual Size and the Alarm Clock half actual size.



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Square Case. Ivory, Black or Green. Internal Alarm. Convex Glass. Fancy Dial. 10/6.
Code No. 324 (Radiolite Dial) 15/-

10/6

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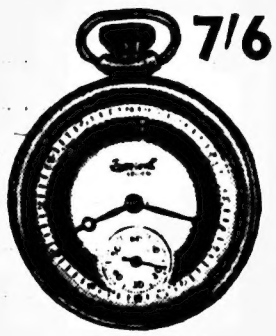
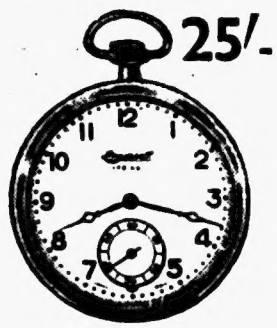
7 jewelled movement. Rectangular Chromium Case. Leather strap. Unbreakable Crystal. Silvered Metal Dial. 30/-



7/6

Code No. 1—4
Chromium Case, Oval Bow and Pendant. Unbreakable Crystal. Silvered Metal Dial with Gilt Figure Ring 7/6. Code No. 1—5 (Radiolite Dial) 10/6.



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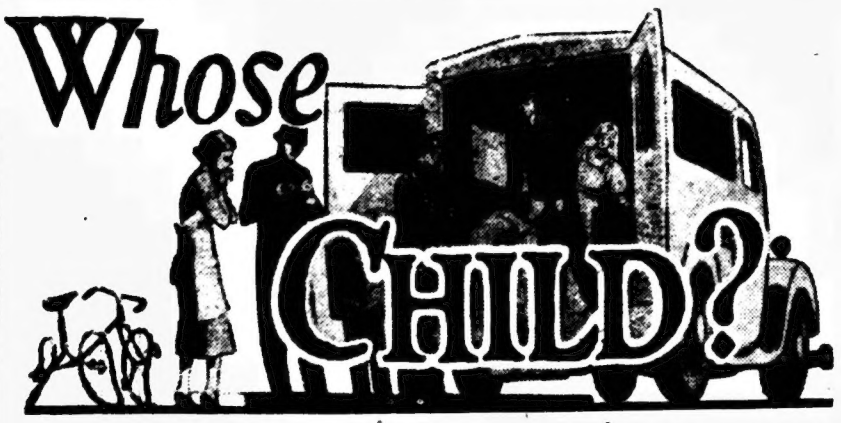
Ingersoll Watches and Clocks are Sold by Ingersoll Accredited Agents everywhere.
INGERSOLL LTD.,
Regent Street and Kingsway,
LONDON.



AT the bottom of the hill a group of people had gathered . . . there was a policeman, notebook in hand . . . an ambulance drawn up at the roadside . . . a child's mangled tricycle that told its own tale.

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PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

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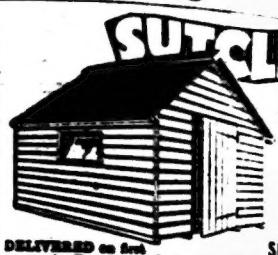

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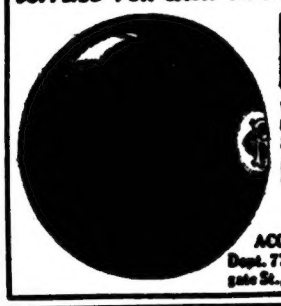

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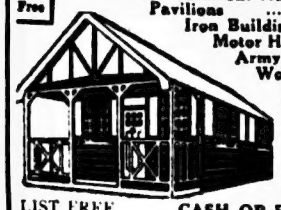

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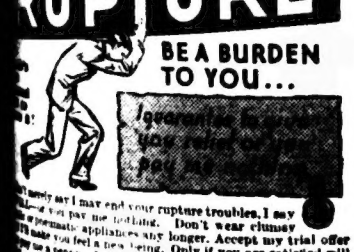

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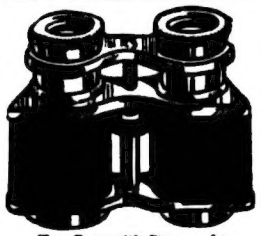

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

NEW VICTORY *for* VOTERS

An ordinary citizen has helped to lay the libel spectre and to establish the right of every voter in the land to bring cases of alleged wrongs before his M.P.

EVERY Parliamentary elector in the country is affected directly by an important decision of the Court of Criminal Appeal.

It is well that the full implication of the judgment should be erstood far and wide.

For that distinguished Court, composed the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice phreys and Mr. Justice du Parcq, estab- for all time the point that defamatory ments made by an elector, in good faith honesty, to his Member of Parliament rivileged communications.

Which means that no criminal or other action can lie against the person respon- for such statements.

THUS the libel bogy is laid low. Freedom is given to constituents to approach their M.P.s on matters of local scandal or alleged graft without fear of con- nces.

Firmly the principle is now established any elector in the country—**so long as r her intentions are** *bona-fide*—may and without fear submit documents to mber of Parliament with a request that harges contained therein may be investi- by the appropriate Department of

Why such right of a Parliamentary should ever have been questioned is a of surprise.

Yet it was, and in these circumstances:—

Living in Southampton is a Mr. Harry an engineer by trade, a man keenly ested in local politics.

He, on frequent occasions, criticised the inistration of public affairs in the ugh.

Consequently he was the recipient of many complaints from neighbours and supporters relating to the town's affairs.

People took their grievances to him, in the hope that he might be able to secure redress.

Some time ago a request of this kind came to him from a man and his wife who had been sentenced to prison at the Southampton court.

Statements by this couple were so serious that Mr. Rule saw at once that, in the interest of all parties, full investigation should be made.

The allegations reflected on a member of the Southampton police force and also on a magistrate.

Next step by Mr. Rule was to approach the senior M.P. for his Division. He wrote asking for an interview to discuss "a matter of urgency and importance which vitally affects two of your constituents' happiness."

To this application he received a reply as under:—

"YOU say that you are in possession of documents. These can be forwarded to me with the utmost confidence, and if a full statement of the case accompanies the documents I can then take steps to meet your wishes.'

When Mr. Rule submitted the documents and statement of the case to his Member he was acting with complete honesty and in good faith. He believed, from the information before him, there was substance in the allegations. What he wanted was to have the whole matter cleared up for the credit of the town.

If the allegations were untrue, then Mr. Rule would be delighted. All he did was to perform a public duty.

On the documents supplied by Mr. Rule reaching the Home Office, an enquiry was ordered. As a result, the allegations were proved to be without foundation. Mr. Rule was misled by his informants.

Shortly after this he was asked to attend at the headquarters of the Southampton Police. He was cautioned and told that proceedings were contemplated against him for criminal libel.

The originals of the documents he had been asked to send with confidence to his M.P. were produced before him by the police. He was asked to identify himself as the author of those documents.

USELESS for Mr. Rule, then, to protest that those papers had been dispatched only on the invitation of a Member of Parliament for transmission to a Minister of the Crown, and with a guarantee they could be forwarded with confidence.

Amazingly, Mr. Rule was summoned on a charge of publishing a criminal libel, and was committed for trial to the Assizes.

There Mr. Justice Branson heard the case. The fact of the publication of the libel was not disputed. The defence was simply the plea of privilege.

And that defence failed. The learned judge laid down that he knew of no constitutional duty—and he was not prepared to say there was a moral duty—upon a Member of Parliament to receive complaints and pass them to the appropriate Ministry for investigation.

SO Mr. Rule was convicted. He was bound over in the sum of £50 and ordered to pay the costs of the prosecution amounting to about £100.

Now the Court of Criminal Appeal has quashed the conviction and sustained the plea of privilege.

Thus Mr. Rule has emerged from his long ordeal with the consolation that he has not suffered in vain. He has won a great victory for his fellow citizens.

It is a victory of fairness. For, indeed, it would be intolerable if a citizen, acting without malice, but believing he had before him evidence of scandal and corruption, could not approach his Member of Parliament.

Persons actuated by honest motives should not be prevented from bringing such charges to the proper quarter from fear of punishment in damages or by imprisonment.

We acclaim the ruling of the Court of Criminal Appeal. The right of an elector in relation to his Member of Parliament has been placed on a sure foundation.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Sir Philip Warns You All

Drinking Water from Ditches
Factory Development Problems
Child's Terrible Ordeal

ALL Britain is concerned with Sir Philip Game's annual report on the London police.

For the points it discusses are of general importance.

Do you, for instance, believe that jay-walkers should be prosecuted, that pedestrians should not be allowed to wander about as they will in crowded streets?

No doubt you feel, like us, that restrictions should not be imposed until they are imperatively essential. But Sir Philip declares that the walker is to blame for more than three out of every four traffic accidents and the friendly warnings of the police are spurned and ignored.

Look Out

We do not necessarily accept his figures. But police chiefs everywhere report careless walking which in innumerable cases is a direct cause of accidents.

We do not believe that walkers should, as yet, be refused the right of crossing streets except at certain points. But we believe that every type of road user—motorists, cyclists, pedestrians—will have to exert far greater care if new and repressive legislation is to be avoided and the terrible traffic toll reduced.

Yard to the Rescue

Another point in Sir Philip's annual review shows that the Metropolitan Police gave assistance to provincial forces in no fewer than 8,340 cases last year.

But the highly skilled service of Scotland Yard men is not called in by certain provincial forces until the local police have tried and failed to catch their man. And usually the delay makes the Yard men's efforts hopeless.

These two facts should give fresh consideration to our demands for a *national* crime-fighting system.

Wrongful Arrests

Again, Sir Philip's admission that arrests of "suspected persons" have fallen heavily since a Court of Appeal decision is of interest to the whole country.

The scandal of innocent persons being arrested on flimsy grounds by over-zealous constables is by no means confined to London.

Other police forces would do well to refrain from making arrests for "loitering" unless they are convinced that the suspect actually shows his intent to commit a felony, rather than pounce upon a respectable citizen who stops to light his pipe or gaze into a shop window.

Child Crooks

Finally, Sir Philip's alarming figures on the extent of juvenile crime are roughly true of every big town.

And the fact that the worst age is thirteen seems to indicate both a lack of parental control and a lack of recreational facilities for children entering their teens.

Child crime, like road accidents, will not diminish until the real causes are brought home to everyone.

Plotting for Disaster

City bigwigs have hatched a new plot—to try to make the Government restore the Gold Standard.

That might please financiers, but it would spell disaster to British industry.

Winston Churchill's similar action in 1925 threw a million men out of work, hundreds of old-established firms crashing.

So the Gold Standard should be left out of the picture for a while longer.

Ditch Water

The five hundred Sussex villagers who are complaining to the Ministry of Health aren't the only people who have to take their drinking water from ditches and condemned wells.

You'll find such revolting conditions throughout Britain. Some folk even have to rely on water which trickles through burial grounds.

Don't blame Kingsley Wood. He's spending more money on water schemes than his predecessors at the Ministry. Trouble rests with the committee which turned down our plan for a national water grid, which would end both drought and flood scandals.

Handcuffs in the Bus

The days of stocks and pillory may be long past, but in Fife—Britain's most backward county—handcuffed prisoners are still conveyed by 'bus between court and jail, sometimes for twenty-mile journeys.

Mr. Elliot says: Police cars or taxis

An indignant Edinburgh woman has protested to Walter Elliot, Secretary of State for Scotland. And Mr. Elliot is advising that prisoners should in future be taken in police cars or taxis.

Previous protests have been ignored by the Fife authorities. Now, perhaps, they will decide that their deafness has lasted long enough.

Order for Industry

There's a deal of sense in what Dr. James A. Bowie, principal of Dundee School of Economics, is saying. He wants all towns with less than 5 per cent. unemployment to be put "out of bounds" for new factory development until no town has over 10 per cent. of its working population unemployed.

Deciding factors in factory location are too often "personal convenience of the employer or his womenfolk," says Dr. Bowie, who adds that it seems the State must help in these problems.

To us it seems that the State must do so much in controlling and developing private industry that it might as well run it completely.

The Morning After

Do smash-and-grab raids on a big scale really pay?

Not in international affairs. Mussolini now admits "gigantic difficulties" in the developing of Abyssinia, to be overcome by working twenty-five hours a day; his henchman, Marshal Graziani, declares it will take scores of years to exploit the conquered country.

This morning-after feeling might well be heeded by another dictator who rants about his country's need for colonies.

Child's Ordeal

A fortnight ago a boy of thirteen found his mother dead with her head in a gas-stove and heard at the Leeds inquest a verdict of "temporary insanity."

A week ago he found his father gassed, again had to give evidence, again heard a suicide verdict.

Can no way be found to save children from such ordeals?

Obvious

Recent wills bequeath just fifty times as much money to societies devoted to the welfare of animals as to those working to make life brighter for children.

We don't think that calls for a single word of comment.

Confidence Pills

Doctors are deploring the open sale of a new drug which banishes depression and increases confidence. But its other effects on man are little known, though it can be bought in pill form from any chemist without a doctor's prescription.

Obviously any new drug should be placed on the poison list until its properties are fully understood. Obvious, that is, to everyone except the Home Office bigwigs.

Go West—Go Broke!

The resumption of emigration to the Dominions is again being discussed. We advise those experts planning the future of other men's lives to bear in mind the glaring errors of the past.

While some of the "pioneers" may have succeeded, our files have bulged with the pathetic stories of heartbroken families who never got a fair chance.

And we've yet to learn that unemployment has been wiped out in the Dominions.

Time Flies, Too!

The American ban on the New York-Paris air flight was right. There isn't a thrill in the world worth the risking of a single life, and Atlantic fliers—both the lucky and unlucky ones—have well proved their gallantry.

But it does seem a pity that not a few of the brave aviation pioneers must turn to "stunting" for a tolerable livelihood.

Helping Hand

It would cost £2,500,000 a week to provide a weekly pension of 10s. to all surviving ex-Servicemen who served in the Great War. A tall order—and it can't be done.

Now in Moscow, where a lot of things happen which we don't agree with, peasants over sixty, whose families cannot aid them, are to be exempted from all taxation. Couldn't that be done here?

Money Race

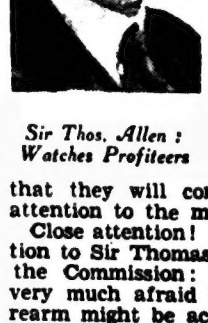
Harrow and Hendon are having a local Derby in an effort to see who can first pass the £2,000,000 mark in rateable value. Both expect to achieve this figure by the end of the present year.

We suggest a better rivalry is to strive to see which can do most for citizens with the money collected and spent.

Death Merchants Lucky

The Merchants of Death are to go on reaping a rich harvest.

Even the milk-and-water recommendations of the Arms Commission are too fiery for the Government's consumption, as we predicted they would be.



Sir Thos. Allen: Watches Profiteers

A few trivial restrictions are to be imposed on such things as the export of lances and swords; nothing is to be done to rid the arms trade of its obvious and horrible dangers.

Big Profits

As for controlling the profits of armament makers, our rulers merely assert that they will continue to give close attention to the matter.

Close attention! Let them pay attention to Sir Thomas Allen, a member of the Commission: "Some of us were very much afraid that the decision to rearm might be accompanied by undue profit-making and our recommendation on this point was very clear. Since then those fears have been justified."

Now Opposition M.P.s are arranging to raise the matter again in P... Nothing much will be achieved ... we fear. For the Government ... ened of the vested interests con...

Not Interested

At Tynemouth they're shor... raid wardens. But appeals for ... constables and auxiliary firem... meeting with good response.

"I can't understand why peop... to become wardens," an offici... If he thinks back to the resu... Peace Ballot, maybe he will unc...

Doubtful Blessing

The new Sunday Tradi... although designed to benefit ... shop assistants, is being explo... some selfish employers.

Many assistants in shops of th... type have had their "time ... "time off" so arranged that ... working within the law, they h... attend the shop every day of the ...

Amendments must be made to ... the shysters to observe the spirit ... as the letter of the law.

Recipe for Long Life

At a party given to local octoge... by the Mayor of Pwllheli, one ... has given advice on how to liv... a hundred.

"Take it easy, eat well and take ... of time to digest your meals," he ...

Measured against current con... when few take it easy, many ha... the wherewithal to eat well, an... workers have to rush their meals ... like early death for millions. ... most of us want to live to be a hu...

M.P.s in Revolt

M.P.s are at last rebelling ... having to pass laws which the... understand ... which the ... for whom t... intended ... understand.

Sir R. Aske, M.P.: He's Baffled

Six of th... cluding Sir ... Aske an... Lovat Fras... asking the ... Minister to ... late a me... dum with r... to explain ... what it me...

That mig... But, better ... why not w... Bills in cl... guage so t... interpr...

would be required?

Ramsgate General Hosp...

Our reference on March 20 to ... remarks by Judge Clements at R... County Court may have been mi... stood.

It was not intended to imply t... Ramsgate General Hospital sued ... for their maintenance. The ... takes every care to avoid any s... of pressure when a patient cannot ... to pay, and we desire to expr... regret if our comments caused a ... impression.

KNOCK-OUT

Canon Eric Southam: "I w... mons to sound of radio dance ... *Other parsons apparently write ... funeral marches.*

* * *

Mr. Baldwin: "I do no... speeches." *And most M.P.s do ... to them.*

* * *

Lord Dawson: "Lives that are ... patched up are not good bege... children for the next generation ... *cripples, other afflicted people, ... healthy youngsters.*

* * *

Mr. Bryn Roberts: "County ... one conception of labour is that ... be dirt cheap." *Most borough ... are just unimaginative, most ... councils are reactionary.*

Wasted Fifth of BRITAIN

by Malcolm K. Macmillan, M.P.

Our youngest M.P., representing the Western Isles

ONE-FIFTH of Great Britain is a wasted area.

That is a terrible truth which I mean to bring right home to Englishmen.

To the majority of English the "Highlands and Islands" are mote; a mistily vague territory associated h Scottish kilted infantry battalions, and membered once a year—on August 12.

So I accentuate the size of the Highlands and nds. *They represent nearly one-fifth of the d of Great Britain.* By doing this I can gain ention for the problems of economic distress d depopulation in the Scottish Highlands.

The people and the places in the Highlands forgotten. They are left to their own un-anised devices. No assistance is given to them m Parliament in Westminster.

Yet if the price of one great battleship were aside we could make this territory of wastage paradise.

Imagine what health and hope is there for tired and sick of the cities of Britain if only ething were done.

How can the standard of life of the people raised permanently without too much disturb-e and distortion of the natural life of the Far th?

Well, we must first of all take stock of our hland resources, plan their development, anise their development, and then get on h the job.

During the recent discussions in the House Commons I repeatedly emphasised that, im-tant though our industrial areas are, our agri-ural areas are still more vital and funda-ntal.

We can limp along for awhile—as we have e—with a measure of industrial depression, the land—source of all wealth and of the ion's food—we dare not allow to remain in dine.

There are only 75,000 small holdings in Scot-d, but there is ample room for 150,000 and re. Opening up these additional holdings uld provide land, employment and economic urity for at least 250,000 men, women and ldren.

This population would be profitably engaged on the production of food supplies for themselves and their neighbours.

Great tracts of the Far North are owned by private landlords and sporting interests, and so are fishing rights in the many excellent waters.

Millions of acres are turned over to deer and grouse shooting. Lands that once supported a growing population, to-day are inhabited only by herds of deer and the gamekeepers who preserve them for the annual shooting parties.

Out of this waste there could well be rescued for the nation wide areas capable of cultivation and of maintaining a thriving population, given modern scientific methods of agriculture and marketing.

Most colourful popular movement in the Highlands within the memory of the older folk was the famous Land League agitation. This was the long-overdue uprising of the people of the North to demand their rights, after generations of persecution, eviction and land-robbery by the brutal Scottish landlords.

The land is still wastefully abused. What alert nation in the world but would use its undeveloped millions of acres, free from drought or fire or flood?

Without question a large part of these vast areas, presently given over to the six-weeks-a-year pleasure of English, foreign and some Scottish owners and sportsmen, can be brought into economic use.

Best land could be set aside for agriculture; the next grade for sheep and cattle. Even where the deer-pest roams to-day the blackface sheep can thrive; timber can grow and would be more nationally profitable than the depredatory, destructive deer, bred and multiplied for the pleasure of indulging in one of the cruellest "sports" in the world.

Thousands of landless natives of the North are waiting; hungry for land and holdings on which to make their homes and rear their families. Meantime, landless, they do not marry and are prospectless, while the land lies fallow and the population declines.

This is race suicide! The nation must demand a New Deal for the Highlands.

Next to the land comes the fishing. And most important is the herring industry. Herring has long been regarded as the hope of the Hebrides and of many other Highland communities. In these parts the prosperous days were the successful fishing seasons.

Unless this industry is revived, thousands of men and women, who formerly followed the fishing around the coasts of Britain through the seasons and brought their spending power back to the Islands and the North, will be left out of work, dependent on public funds.

Long-term agreements with foreign Powers for purchase, or barter if necessary, are essential. Present markets can be expanded, new markets secured.

A reasonable minimum wage for the men and women engaged in the herring fishing is essential. These reforms, together with a speeding-up of the rather half-hearted scheme of the Herring Board for the reorganisation and re-equipment of the herring fleets, will bring a revival in the once-prosperous industry.

Inshore fishing, which provided food for the villages, and a small income to the fisher folk, has suffered by illegal trawling at the fishing grounds by foreign boats.

Increased protection by fishery cruisers is necessary to restore the inshore fishing to its former condition, coupled with severe punishment of the invaders when caught.

Around the coasts of the Islands and the North, piers and harbours are in urgent need of repair and reconstruction. Local boat-slips, jetties and other conveniences would greatly assist in reviving our fishing industry and the hopes of the communities who are poor, very poor, or prosperous, according to the fortunes of the fishing.

Organisation of the lucrative lobster fishing would establish a secure and very worth-while industry in the Islands, where some of the world's best lobster grounds are to be found. Co-operative marketing is an essential in this as in most of these local industries.

In other ways—apart from the products of the soil and the sea—the Highlands and Islands can develop. The making of Harris tweed, confined to the Outer Hebrides, should be controlled with more vision.

Genuine Harris tweed need no longer be a luxury article with a narrow appeal. Fully advertised, the commodity would attract a comprehensive buying public, to the advantage of the manufacturers, the mill workers and the crofters.

Another energetic advertising campaign is needed for the encouragement of tourist traffic to the Highlands and Islands. Once visited, the Highlands are unforgettable and inviting for ever.

Much that Canada or Switzerland offers in scenery can be matched or excelled in the Highlands. Beyond, there is the special beauty and allure of the Islands.

But a prosperous tourist industry can only be set into practice with more comfortable housing conditions. We cannot expect tourists to villages devoid of decent sanitation, and without a general water supply.

Good housing and proper sanitation is urgently necessary if we are to bring about happier conditions of living in the Highlands and Islands.

Full support and financial assistance of Government will be required, along with local effort, in order to undertake and carry to success the great task of Highland development.

And I suggest that all progress in the North must wait for decent roads, wider, safer, smoother. The present standard in many parts of the Highlands seems to be the old cart track.

The history of these past years in the Highlands does not make happy reading. Our hope is greater than our heritage.

But we who look forward to our people's higher destiny are fired with faith. Beyond the not-so-far horizons we see the practical realisation of that old Celtic dream of the Land of Youth: this northland of meadows, glens and mountains, this westland of the ancient Islands, a land fit for the future's children to live in.

Exclusive Informations Directed by Sir Wyndham Childs

DARK KNIGHT *of the* SLUMS

FROM all parts of Britain reports are reaching JOHN BULL of a recrudescence of activity on the part of worthless charity promoters.

For a time their open plundering of the public seemed to have been stemmed by the denouncements of judges and magistrates. Now the harpies apparently believe that the coast is clear again.

And of all the charity buccaneers who have adventured forth in the last few weeks, JOHN BULL would direct special attention to one named Samuel Morgan. He controls an organisation called the Slum Children's Welfare Fund, which has its headquarters at Corporation Street, Birmingham, but which seeks to tempt money from the public far beyond that city.

Anyone visiting the head office of the Slum Children's Welfare Fund would have reason to be astonished.

It would be found to be only a small room, where Morgan carries on business as a motor insurance broker, and there is no more to identify the place with the existence of this supposed national charity than the letters "S.C.W.F." painted insignificantly on the door.

Of course, the pretentiously styled Slum Children's Welfare Fund is only one of those organisations which now exist in countless numbers throughout the country and which have no real governing body.

Its accounts have never been seen and professional collectors who bring money to it are remunerated on the usual system of a high percentage of the subscriptions obtained from the benevolent public.

It is for kiddies like these that Samuel Morgan is supposed to be appealing to the public

An excellent opportunity was available a few days ago for the forthright condemnation of this bogus enterprise. One of its collectors appeared in court and was convicted for obtaining money by false pretences.

When challenged by a householder while inviting subscriptions, he audaciously told a series of utter falsehoods about the charity for which he was begging — representing, among other things, that it had the full approval of the authorities as a genuine and deserving organisation.

Unknown to him, he was being questioned by a person who knew the whole truth.

But the magistrate merely bound him over—notwithstanding the fact that the charity is not recognised by the police and is blacklisted by the Citizens' Society—a body which does invaluable work in protecting the public against these sham appeals.

The impudence of the promoter of this particular bogus charity was well illustrated during the court proceedings when he was pointedly asked to explain from what source he drew his livelihood.

Contemptuously, Samuel Morgan informed the court that he "lived on fresh air."

* * *

If there is any aspect of this scandal which gives reason for hope that it will be crushed, it is that more and more Members of Parliament are becoming alive to the reality of the campaign which JOHN BULL has for so long conducted against it.

Vera and the Derby

THE approach of Derby Week has been responsible for an outpouring of easy profits gambling schemes.

Biggest and boldest of them all is a proposition—being sent unsolicited by post throughout the country—of a concern called the Eastville Press, of Oxford Street, London.

It is the most extraordinary offer ever made in connection with betting.

One which assures that backers cannot lose and that, if they happen to do so, the stakes which they have risked will be returned to them.

All they have to do is to send from £1 to £20 per month to Eastville Press, according to the amount they wish to win.

And each remittance comprises more than a series of possible day-to-day winners—the Derby, presumably, included. It is also supposed to be an insurance premium covering the risk of any losses incurred with the bookmakers.

In all the history of the Turf no plan for money-making without liability has ever been so magnificently advocated.

But why the Eastville Press should be seeking money from the public for this remarkable scheme is beyond comprehension. It must already be a millionaire's property.

Its owner, the public is told, has a number of bookmakers' accounts and, in only one of them, nearly £15,000 is invested during one flat-racing season.

The profits must be prodigious, because only one horse in every five is represented to run unplaced.

The philanthropy of a person who can—privately—make such colossal profits passes understanding, when every Tom, Dick and Harry is invited to share.

It is still more remarkable when, as JOHN BULL has discovered, the Eastville Press only recently came into existence and its sole proprietor is a woman named Vera Robinson.

She certainly deserves the title of Public Benefactor No. 1.

LIMPING BLACKCOAT ROGUE

EVERY chief constable in Britain received from Scotland Yard a few days ago an urgent memorandum.

It was a request to assist in bringing about the arrest of a man who is probably the most daring cheat at large in the country to-day. If any JOHN BULL reader can help in tracking him down, the authorities will offer their warmest thanks.

Superintendent Arthur Askew, Scotland Yard, is directing the hunt

It is almost useless to give him a name. He changes his identity from day to day, but, for what the information is worth, his real name happens to be Harold Mason.

He may be recognised as a tall man with reddish hair, about forty years of age. But his most distinguishing feature is a strange, halting gait which has earned for him among the police the soubriquet of "the limping crook."

And always he can be identified by his methods. In whatever part of the country he appears—and he visits a different one daily in a small fast car—he poses as the district representative of one of the large insurance companies.

He calls on shopkeepers and householders and, in the most plausible manner, induces them to pay deposits for "all in" policies, which he offers on extraordinarily generous terms. He produces what appear to be genuine receipt forms and states that the complete necessary documents will be forwarded from the company's headquarters within a few days.

So rapidly does Mason work that in a few months he has found thousands of victims in every corner of the country and has already acquired a substantial fortune from his swindle.

He is not content with the profits from it. In almost every one of the countless towns and villages he has visited during his campaign of fraud he has also robbed hotelkeepers, licence-holders, boarding-house proprietors and the like. To them he represents himself as an agent of a mythical national publication, regarding which he exhibits a quantity of faked literature.

He obtains deposits for advertising space and, if the opportunity permits, further proceeds to obtain more money fraudulently by issuing worthless cheques.

Seldom does he even pay for his board and lodging in the places where he rests.

It is because the reports of his criminal progress through the country are becoming so overwhelming that Scotland Yard has organised a national hunt for Mason's capture.

Maimed Airman on the Scraphea

BECAUSE of the death-rate sailors, soldiers and airm were disabled in the Gre the expenditure of the Ministry sions is falling at the rate of £24,000,000 a year.

It might be thought that at le of this money would be devoted more generous treatment of th who survive and of their depend

Actually, the reverse is the tru victims are being treated ev severely. And the tragedy of that the money saved is bein wholly for new armaments.

None of the sufferers can be in plight, however, than Mr. Ernest of Highgate Road, Walsall Heat mingham.

In the last few years this m had to undergo thirty-five operat his head. He is now semi-pa But the authorities refuse to gra pension or allowance either to to his family.

* * *

Collins was an airman. A 'plane, of which he was a membe crew, made a bad landing. H was fractured and there was a hole two inches wide in his head.

What seemed at the time to be a remarkable surgical cure was effected. The damage to his skull was repaired by grafting a piece of bone from his leg. He was so well on his discharge from hospital after the war that he was fit for employment, and for nearly eight years he worked as a bus conductor.

Mr. Ernest C completely

Of course, he had a legitimate claim to pension. refused to make application for was one of the founders of the Legion, and he observed hund cases of war comrades who w abled and who could get no pe any kind. While he was fit t and while he saw them suffer reward, he was determined t would not seek any benefit.

* *

But after eight years of good a lar employment, he was stricken bone which had been grafted head became dislodged and pre the brain.

Thirty-five times since then Collins has been wheeled into the ing theatre of one hospital or a To-day he is completely shat body, health and mind.

Scores of applications have be to the authorities to deal com ately with him, his wife and the of five. All have met with c blank refusals.

At first, the Pensions Ministry down the appeals made on Col half on the ground that the cl not been lodged within seven ye a date specified by statute.

Now they do not even seek t behind that technicality. They right that they refuse to accept dition as being in any way du war service!

It is one of the most shamefu that has ever had to be related.

MONSTROUS *Mistaken Arrest*

Arrested on the flimsiest suspicion, imprisoned and made to endure a month of mental torture. William O'Brien, for whom there is no redress

NEVER can there have been a worse and sadder case than this one of an innocent man suffering the ordeal of arrest and imprisonment and then—after his acquittal and vindication—being spurned when he sought redress.

The victim of an extraordinary series of mistakes is Mr. William O'Brien, aged twenty-four, whose family has lived and been respected in Stanmore, Middlesex, for nearly forty years.

O'Brien is a shop assistant. One day, about five weeks ago, a man entered his employer's premises and, supposing him to be a customer, he went to serve him. "Are you William O'Brien?" he was asked. The young man said he was.

"Then," said the stranger, "I arrest you. I am a police officer."

O'Brien was taken from the shop and ushered into a police van which was standing at the door. He was taken to his home in Stanmore Hill.

His widowed mother, members of the family and friends were at tea when he appeared between two detectives.

The officers announced to the mother that they had come to search the house. They did so from cellar to roof.

Every room was visited. Every article of furniture was examined. Every drawer was pulled out and its contents searched. Every bed was turned over. The whole house soon became a scene of the utmost confusion.

Sister, too

O'Brien's sister, a woman of twenty-two, was interrogated regarding her men friends and asked if she ever received presents of stockings and underwear from them.

The contents of her bedroom and her private wardrobe were inspected item by item.

All this, the police officers explained, was necessary because a few days previously there had been a shop robbery in the district and the thieves had removed a quantity worth of women's apparel.

As the shopbreakers were departing with their loot, the officers also stated, they had been observed from a distance by a resident in the neighbourhood who had expressed the opinion that one of them resembled William O'Brien.

The detectives left with O'Brien when the search of the house was completed. They took away with them a box of handkerchiefs, which a member of the household had received from his mother as a birthday gift, and three sacks which they found in a cellar and which had been used for gardening purposes.

O'Brien was taken to the police station and placed in a line of men on an identification parade. The man who had seen the thieves in the distance was then brought in and he immediately singled out O'Brien as the man who resembled one of the robbers.

Of course, there was no proper identification in such circumstances. O'Brien had been known to this man for years.

There was not any more evidence against the young man than this flimsy supposition that his appearance was similar to that of one of the robbers. But he was charged there and then with having been concerned in the shopbreaking.

Four hours later—at 10 p.m.—two more detectives visited the O'Briens' home. This time they took away with them to the police station O'Brien's elder brother and two men friends of the family who were in the house at the time.

They also were placed on an identification parade. But nothing came of it, and they were allowed to go.

O'Brien's mother had been told that her son would be allowed home on bail before midnight. The anguished family sat up all night, but O'Brien did not arrive.

A telephone message to police headquarters in the morning elicited the information that he had spent the night in a cell, would make a formal appearance at the police court and would be allowed to return home in the afternoon.

The whole day passed, and there was still no sign of O'Brien. Again the police were communicated with by telephone, and this time the family was told that he was in Brixton Prison, to which he had been remanded for a week.

It transpires that at the court the police had opposed an application for bail. This seems remarkable when the fact is borne in mind that the family had lived in the district for forty years.

It has to be explained that, after he was charged with the felony, O'Brien gave a complete account to the police of his whereabouts and movements at the time of the robbery, which had taken place at noon on the previous Sunday.

Alibi

Actually, he was then visiting the house of a relative—for a Sunday luncheon party—some miles from his own home, and he also supplied a list of the names and addresses of at least nine people who could prove his perfect alibi.

After his week in jail, O'Brien was again brought up in court. But no witnesses were present. So the magistrates ordered a remand for another week, but now allowed bail of £25.

A third time O'Brien went into the dock. Still no evidence was led. Why the magistrates did not dismiss the case without more ado we cannot understand. Instead they ordered another week's remand.

When, after a full month, the case was heard there was no more evidence for the prosecution than that of the man who had seen the thieves departing and who believed that one of them bore a resemblance to O'Brien.

A file of witnesses, all respectable citizens, was in readiness in court to testify where O'Brien had been at the time of the robbery.

Acquittal

The magistrates heard three of them and were so impressed that they stopped the case.

O'Brien was acquitted without a stain on his character.

For a month this young man and his family endured terrible and unnecessary mental torture. Everyone in the neighbourhood knew about the search of the house. After his spell in Brixton Prison, while he was still under remand, O'Brien could not, of course, continue his employment. The legal costs for preparing his defence were heavy.

For all this he cannot get a penny of compensation. The Home Office apparently regards these kind of happenings as something which any citizen may have to endure without redress.

Amazing Forbidden Marriage Scandal

THERE is no end to the scandals connected with the lunacy administration of this country.

The more that becomes known about them, the worse they appear to be in the harshness of their consequences.

Of all the recent cases, however, none can compare in severity with one concerning Miss Hilda Baxter, a twenty-five-year old woman, whose widowed mother lives at Albion Street, Ipswich.

Miss Baxter was first condemned as a mental defective nineteen years ago, when she was only six years of age and in her first year at school. The stigma is not only still upon her. Her life has now been crushed.

A more amazing story, indeed, has never had to be told. When she was a child, Miss Baxter was extremely shy and sensitive, and her teacher in the infant class had to report that she was not making progress so rapidly as the other little children.

Away Again

For no more reason than that, Hilda Baxter was declared to be mentally deficient. She was taken away from her school and educated in a mental establishment, where she remained, notwithstanding her parents' protests, until she was sixteen.

Then she was returned to her home. She had grown to be a completely normal girl—healthy and intelligent.

For months she assisted her mother capably in the housekeeping. But the authorities had not lost track of her.

One day there came to the house a person who described herself as a welfare worker, and who persuaded the mother to sign a document consenting to Hilda undergoing a course of training for domestic service.

The mother was astounded a few days later to learn that her daughter was receiving the supposed instruction in an institution, the inmates of which were all of feeble mind.

Certain serious incidents at this institution ended in the girl becoming ill, and her mother demanded that she should be restored to her. But the authorities would not give her up. Instead, they put her—of all places—in a workhouse.

Then some justices of the peace and other public persons in Suffolk who had learned the facts became anxious about what was happening to the girl. Apparently the authorities were aware of the disquiet which was being caused by their extraordinary treatment of her, and from then onwards they placed her, on licence, in a number of situations as a domestic servant.

A woman magistrate had to intervene. But all that happened was that the authorities withdrew her temporarily from lunacy control and placed her in a Salvation Army hostel!

On no account would they allow her to be returned to her mother—a woman of irreproachable character. Having had her in their custody since she was six years old, they were determined not to part with her.

Miss Baxter was now in her twenties. The next stroke by the authorities was the cruellest one of all. They appointed a guardian for her so that her mother would have no legal claim on her of any kind. The guardian selected was the wife of a butcher, in whose household Hilda is now a servant at a wage of 6s. a week. In addition to her domestic duties she has to act as nursemaid to three children.

Twenty-five-year-old Miss Hilda Baxter

Now, at the age of twenty-five, she has fallen in love with, and wishes to marry, a young man of the highest character.

But the authorities have struck their final blow. As she had been declared to be mentally deficient when she was six years old, they hold that she must still be so.

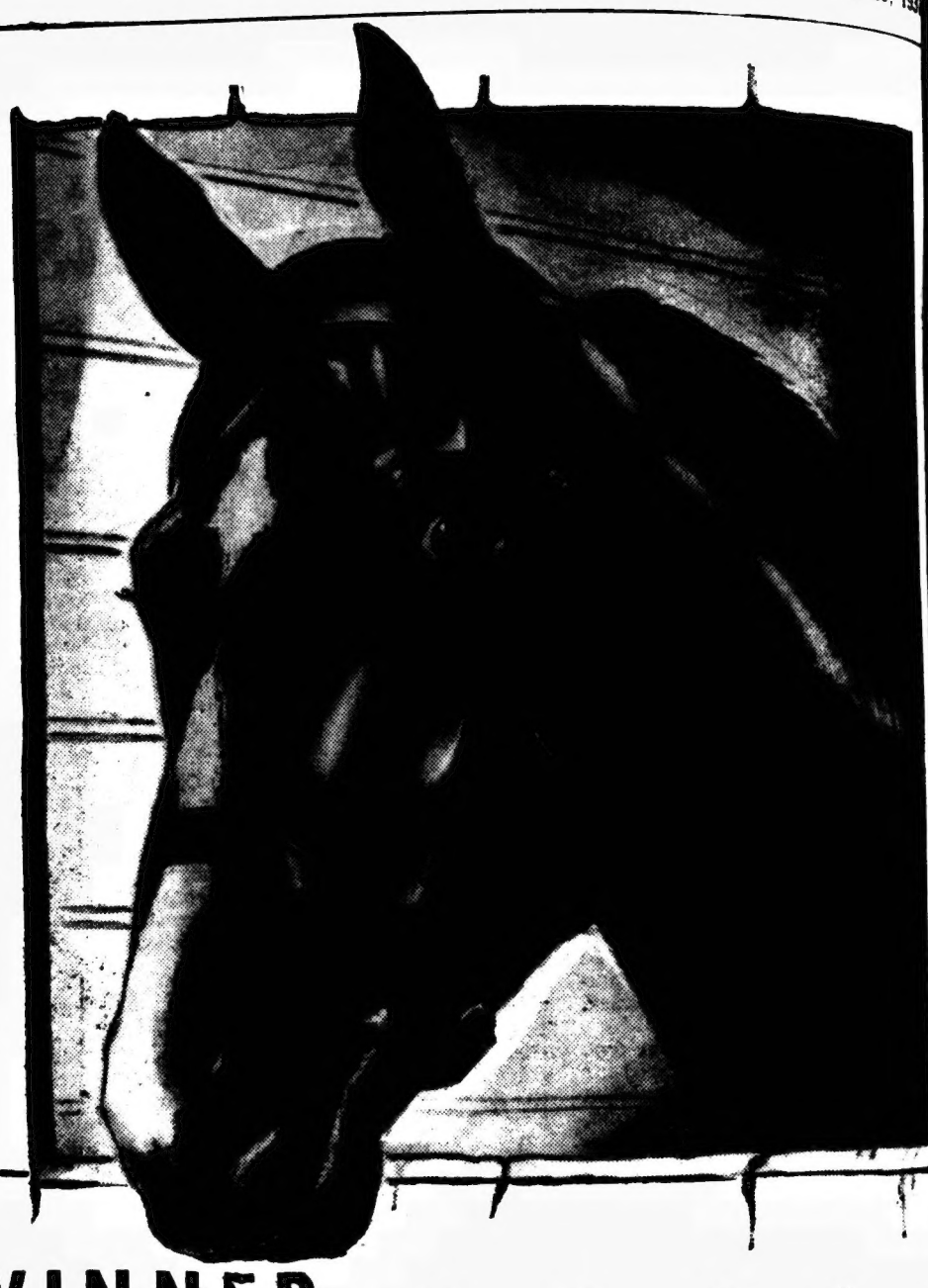
The Ban

They have had her sweetheart in front of them and told him that not only will he not be allowed to marry her but that even if he pursues his courtship he will be liable to criminal prosecution.

And Hilda Baxter herself has just been warned by the authorities that she must never in future have any association with her fiancé.

JOHN BULL has had to relate many terrible cases of the relentless grinding of innocent victims caught up in the lunacy machine. This is the worst of them all.

GENTLEMEN WE HAVE FOR SALE AN UNBEATABLE 3 YEAR-OLD THOROUGHBRED



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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

MAKING WAR MORE HORRIBLE

Duff Cooper's Dodge—Nonsense from a Bishop—City of C3 Youth

DEAR SENATORE MARCONI,—To me it is excellent news that your great brain—the brain which did so much to give us the miracle of wireless—has illed you.

You admit that you have finished with ur "death ray" experiments. Not cause you realise the terrible menace the world of such experiments. Not cause of any humanitarian motive.

No, just because your brain failed to hieve your aim.

"The nearest I got to it," you say, was when I killed a rat with an intri- te device at a distance of three feet."

And so, in disgust, you've given up. If you have to crawl up to within three et of something to kill it with borate, costly and ungainly apparatus eeding the most sensitive adjustment, 's cheaper to use a gun."

* * *

Now you are turning your genius, I n glad to know, to more worthy efforts. nce more you are busy with ultra-short ves, which will have a big bearing on e future of television.

But the horrible, diabolical ngers of your "death ray" main. Other men will be rred to begin where you ve left off. Others, indeed, ve been working on the me lines for years.

One day they may achieve ccess. They will kill by dio, not at a distance of a w feet, but at far greater stances.

They will kill rats—at first.

hen, if war breaks out, men and women d children will be the targets for the seen instrument of death.

Even if they do not succeed, even if ey are forced to admit that where your nius has failed there can be no chance making the "death ray" a practical apon, our fears will not be removed.

We know that in laboratories all over e "civilised" world men of science are orking slowly, carefully, relentlessly on w methods of mass slaughter.

We know that in another war the rocities of the past would pale into in- gnificance. Women and children, the k and the aged, would be exposed to rils little less frightful than the young en in the fighting line.

* * *

That is why, though I am glad you ve the courage to admit failure, I re- et your decision was not inspired by gher motives.

I am sorry so brilliant a man should ve wasted his talents and time on rk which was designed to destroy life.

You would have proved yourself an en greater man had you announced ur repugnance at the nature of such rk. You would have put us all in your bt had you called to other scientists cease experiments which imperil the man race.

It is no use pretending that scientists e not responsible for the use to which r lords may put their discoveries. ey are to blame for employing their ains on things which, as they must alise, can only result in making the orld a more barbarous place than it is.

And you, who by developing radio have ved countless lives, should have been e last to seek a new weapon of estruction.—JOHN BULL.

, HENRY WILSON,
hop of Chelmsford

DEAR BISHOP,—Let me present you ith the week's booby prize. You can ess why.

For saying that "people can't be Chris- ns unless their income ranges between a week and £1,000 a year." Because, seems, the very poor cannot spare e for religion and the £1,000-a-year an is in danger of becoming too rich enter Heaven.

I refuse to believe that Christ would own the unemployed or the decent en whose talents earn them a good come.

And even though you protest that your ords are not meant literally, they make

You're right to give up "death-ray" experiments and go back to wireless, Marconi!

balderdash, whatever you would like them to mean.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. DUFF COOPER,
Minister for War

DEAR SIR,—Recruit by all means, except by false pretences. Your guarantee of 10,000 Civil Service posts for ex-Servicemen sounds good. It is not so tempting when enquiries prove that these 10,000 jobs already exist for ex-Regulars and are only to be found in the lowest grades—porters, messengers, etc.

The cries of our disillusioned wartime ex-Servicemen are still in our ears. Don't swell their mighty chorus of justifiable protest.—JOHN BULL.

The LORD MAYOR,
Liverpool

DEAR LORD MAYOR,—What's wrong with the young men of Liverpool?

Last year 3,692 of them tried to join the Army; 1,837 were rejected on medical or physical grounds. So, roughly, one half of them—in the years when they should be in the most vigorous stage of their lives—were unfit.

Is it possible that the scales of your public assistance committee has anything to do with it?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ERNEST GOULD,
Stockwell, London

SIR,—No wonder the magistrate said he would like to horsewhip you, when he granted your wife a separation allowance of 12s. a week. You frankly admitted that you had deserted her a few weeks after your baby was born.

Your reasons? You did not want to support the baby, were not interested in it.

I can find no words strong enough in which to condemn such callous and inhuman conduct. All I can hope is that the child may grow up to thank God for a better mother than a father.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. P. P. COLE,
Seamen's Hospital, Greenwich

DEAR SIR,—The letter you received last week in a dirty paper parcel was, I imagine, the most touching you have read. "I ham sending 2 hundred pounds for use of the hospital for the kindness you don for me I had operation 3 years a go."

The aged seaman who wrote that simple sentence may be afflicted by bad Englisn, but his heart is good. And they say that sailors don't care!—JOHN BULL.

Major C. R. RANDOLPH, J.P.,
Droxford, Hants.

SIR,—You say unemployed people ought not to be allowed to keep dogs. Bow-wow to your nonsense!

Thousands of the unemployed enjoy a little happiness through the devoted companionship of a mongrel. If those dogs could speak they'd tell you to go and bark up another tree.

Anyway, I'm telling you for them.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. HILDA GRENFELL,
President, Y.W.C.A.

DEAR MADAM,—I'm glad you have looked a gift horse in the mouth.

The £5,000 bequest by a Wimbledon woman would have been useful, but had you accepted you would have had to prohibit dancing and card-playing.

By refusing the legacy and thus refusing to be bound by petty and private dictatorship, however well meant, you've acted in the best interests of your members.—JOHN BULL.

Councillor J. G. B. STONE,
Canterbury City Council

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—"A wicked and unpardonable oversight" is how you describe the failure to provide shelter at the new employment exchange for those waiting to draw benefit.

I, too, think it abominable that they should often get soaked to the skin by rain. But the really wicked part is that they have to wait at all.

A few exchange managers have devised a no-waiting system. Why not all?—JOHN BULL.

WALTER WYKES,
Hillcrest, Keresley

WYKES,—A lot of the people who remain seated when the National Anthem is played are just silly asses.

As soon as you heard "God Save the King" played, you turned on an inoffensive young woman who had jumped to her feet and struck her in the eye.

"I'm sorry,' you said when they fined you £3. I'd have made you sorrier.—JOHN BULL.

PONTARDAWE Magistrates' Clerk: Amazed you think that remanded prisoner who committed suicide should have been brought to court, dead or alive. Since when have magistrates been undertakers?—JOHN BULL.

Our Very Special Investigator On

HIGHBROWS *at* HARROGATE

THE time has come at Harrogate
To talk of many things:
Of psychologic subtleties,
And cabbages and kings,
And whether wives are better boiled
And husbands best with wings.

The time has come to talk at large
Of this and likewise that,
To prove that two and two make four,
And feet are sometimes flat,
And words take on new wisdom when
They're spoken through a hat!

At Harrogate, where this is being written, it is practically impossible to throw a custard-pie in any direction without hitting a psychologist.

✦ And, all things considered, I doubt if a custard-pie could be better employed.

This opinion has been evolved after a painstaking investigation of the doings and, more particularly, the sayings of the British Union of Practical Psychologists, which has picked on the Harrogate sector as the venue of its annual oratorical beanfeast—an orgy productive of some truly startling disclosures.

Did you, for example, know that "Little things bring marriage to shipwreck?" No, I thought you didn't! But it is useless trying to conceal vital facts from the B.U.P.P., this being only one of a number of hitherto unsuspected truths that they have dragged to light.

Did you know that golf can wreck a marriage? So, too, can hats. If a husband insists upon telling how he went four no-trumps at the nineteenth when his wife is yearning to pass a few timely animadversions on the headgear of the creature next door, the two are in a fair way toward adding to congestion in the Divorce Court.

✦ Yet such disasters could be avoided if the poor married saps would consult a psychologist. One, presumably, like Miss C. Colledge, a fair-haired young thing whose expostion of the theory and practice of matrimoniology was listened to by her fellow-delegates with touching respect.

But even more impressive than the instruction in connubial behaviour offered by this Colledge miss were the tips on dietary provided by Mr. P. St. John Doherty, who not only knows how many beans make five, but how many prunes make a contented husband.

Character and outlook, Mr. P. St. etc., explained, are affected by dietary. Thus, over-indulgence in carbon results in laziness, an excess of phosphorus induces a belief in fortune-tellers (and, presumably, psychologists), while a man keen to develop artistic talent must imbibe large quantities of prunes, lettuce and—yes, you've guessed it!—spinach.

The Virtues of Spinach

✦ Of course, I might have known that my investigation would ultimately bring me up against this nauseating vegetable. For never have I read or listened to the pale platitudes of peculiar people addicted to conferences without, sooner or later, having my stomach upset by enthusiastic references to this loathsome product.

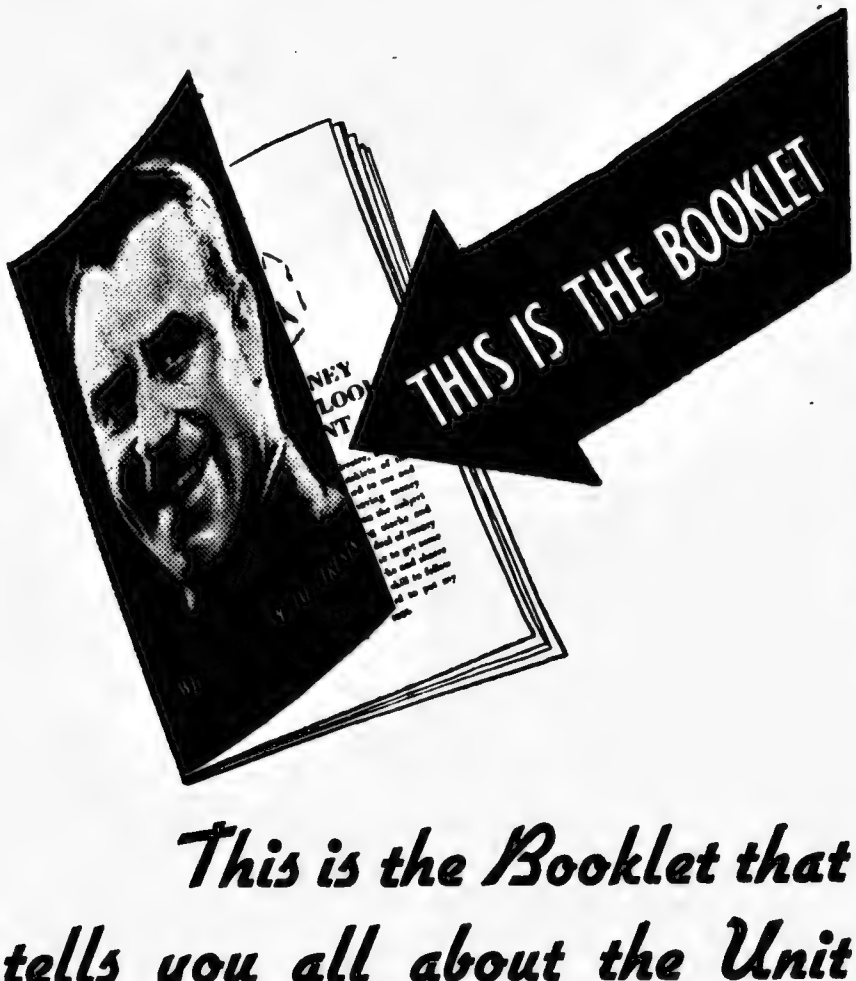
If by eating more caviar, drinking more beer or making a domestic pet of a haggis I could develop my latent artistic ability, I should be prepared to make the sacrifice.

But the Royal Academy can close its doors and my toolshed remain unpainted before I'll submit to the indignity of consuming spinach.

What is there about this wretched stuff that makes it such an object of veneration?

Is it absolutely essential to guzzle quantities of a greenish mess that tastes as if your foot's asleep before one can produce a masterpiece like "Rima"?

It is, is it? Well, there you are—that proves it! Y. Z.



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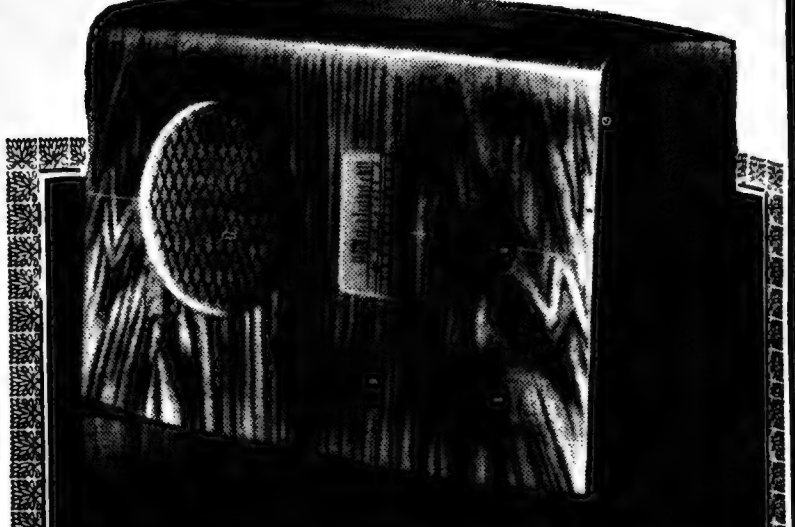

Oh Yes, they are very good, but RATHER EXPENSIVE!

It is very nice having a reputation for making good sets, but unfortunately there is a snag in it too. People are inclined to think that if a thing is good it must be expensive. The result is that many people are quite unaware that we make low priced sets. Well, here are two of them—the mains set only £8 5s. 0d. and the battery set £6 10s. 0d. Each has the same standard of workmanship and reliability as the most expensive Murphy receiver. In their own price class there are no better sets to be bought.

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MURPHY RADIO

C.B.C. 646

By A. G. Gardiner

It's Up to YOU, Neville!

No Prime Minister ever came to power in more critical times . . .

. . . there has been crisis after crisis in Austria, Abyssinia, and now in Spain

BY the time these lines appear the ship of State will have a new captain on the bridge. In saluting him and wishing him "bon voyage," it is not inappropriate to take stock of the man and the task before him.

It would be idle to pretend that the public witness the change without a certain anxiety; and this for two reasons.

Mr. Chamberlain succeeds a man who, whatever his deficiencies, brought to the conduct of affairs a large wisdom and humanity, a warmth of the heart and a glow of the mind that touched the nation to the finer issues of life.

Those gifts were never more conspicuous than in the final utterances with which Mr. Baldwin took his farewell.

They are not gifts that the public are accustomed to associate with Mr. Chamberlain. He has in a high degree the virtues of probity, industry, devotion to the public cause and personal disinterestedness. It remains to be seen whether he can add to these qualities something of the greatness of spirit that Mr. Baldwin communicated to the nation.

And the other cause of anxiety is the circumstances in which Mr. Chamberlain takes office. No Prime Minister ever came to power in more critical times. The structure of European civilisation, shattered by the war and the follies and crimes of the "peace" that followed the war, trembles on the brink of what may be a final catastrophe.

With crisis after crisis, now in Austria, now in the Rhineland, now in Abyssinia, now in Spain, the menace increases, and only a common instinct of fear keeps war at bay.

Meanwhile, all the nations are squandering their wealth in a fierce competition in armaments which, in impoverishing the peoples, adds economic causes to the risks of a political breakdown.

International trade is paralysed, and the betrayal of the League of Nations by the aggressive Powers—first Japan, then Italy, then Germany—has largely destroyed the hopes of collective peace centred in the Covenant, the Kellogg Pact and the Locarno Treaty.

This is the cheerless landscape that confronts the new Prime Minister; and the question latent in the minds of all his fellow-citizens is: What should he do to redeem that landscape and avert the peril that overshadows it?

It goes without saying that the main objective of his policy will be peace on the basis of a reconciled Europe. We have no interest in the quarrels of the Continental Powers except their pacific settlement.

There is no territory that we want and no axe that we have to grind. We are free from exclusive alliances and all are welcome to our friendship who will loyally co-operate in the cause of collective security.

The part we have to play in the European drama is that of honest broker, and Mr. Chamberlain is well equipped to play it. Our potential influence was never greater than it is to-day.

We have escaped the convulsions that have overwhelmed all but one of the great nations of Europe, and the stability of our institutions is at once the envy and admiration of less fortunate countries.

Our financial resources are unrivalled, and, much as we may regret that we have been sucked into the armaments race, the fact has enormously enhanced our influence in Dame Europe's quarrelsome school.

With these powerful bargaining counters in hand, our policy should be directed to the sole purpose of preserving and establishing peace.

It should be clearly understood that this country will not become involved in any war except where British interests are directly threatened or our commitments to the League of Nations have to be honoured.

That means that there must be no entanglement in the Franco-Russian pact. If Russia and Germany must come to blows our policy should be, as in Spain, to localise the conflict on the basis of non-intervention.

All efforts should be directed to re-establishing the authority of the League of Nations. Whatever regional pact we enter into should be consistent with that end, and any engagement of that sort that would bring Germany back to Geneva would be well worth entering into.

We have no love for the dictatorships, but we have (at all events for some time to come) to work with them, and that can only be done through the common clearing house of the League.

There is another direction in which Mr. Chamberlain must look for the solution of this vast problem. The ills of the world are less political than economic.

Mostly those ills are self-inflicted. The poverty of the European peoples is largely due to the blocking of the currents of trade by tariffs, quotas, subsidies, and all the follies of a crazy nationalism.

In this matter we have sinned with the rest, and the most disquieting fact about Mr. Chamberlain is that his filial loyalty makes him a sinner on principle. Indeed, it was a remark of his as Chancellor which is understood to have influenced President Roosevelt when he reversed engines suddenly and upset the World Economic Conference in 1933.

Much has happened since then to enlighten Mr. Chamberlain, and it is to be hoped that he realises that the greatest of all his tasks is to help to liberate trade from the fetters that are strangling it.

And in this connection there are two other points that he must keep in mind. Much nonsense is talked about the "Haves and Have-nots," but with the nonsense there is some mixture of real grievance. That grievance we must face frankly, and meet it so far as it is possible to do so.

The other relates to a much more substantial grievance. The gold of the world (leaving Russia out of account) is, roughly speaking, all buried in the strong rooms of Washington, London and Paris.

It lies there inert, unfruitful, but menacing, hoarded and kept out of use, a latent power that ought to be irrigating the commerce of the world.

I know nothing about the science of currency, but I know this is wrong, and that in this monopoly and sterilisation of this money power the "Have-nots" have a grievance which is at the root of many of the economic ills of the world.

There is a further subject which should have an important place in Mr. Chamberlain's policy. Next to ourselves the most powerful external influence in European affairs is America.

That country is as sincerely anxious for world peace and disarmament as we are.

It is also moving rapidly, under the influence of Mr. Cordell Hull, in the direction of greater freedom of trade.

Nothing could have a more beneficent effect upon events in Europe than a cordial understanding between the two great English-speaking communities.

The only thing that stands in the way of that understanding is the question of the war debts. Let that be removed—and it could be removed I believe by a modest token payment—and the whole moral weight of America would be thrown into the scales on the side of peace.

Finally, to be strong abroad we must have peace and good will at home. And in this sphere I hope Mr. Chamberlain will imitate the fine humanity and sympathy which made Mr. Baldwin's premiership memorable.

★ *Politics and You*

Milk Muddle

THE House of Lords has been debating the price of milk. Some peers think it much too high and want to see the Government take steps to reduce it. They want to see it brought down to 2d. a pint: say it is quite possible.

JOHN BULL agrees with them. Milk is far too dear. Most foodstuffs have gone up since pre-war days, but milk has soared higher than any other item, except perhaps fish.

It costs the consumer more than in any other country. Taking 1914 as 100, the index figure for milk rose to 139 in 1932 and is now 170.

Many people blame the Milk Marketing Scheme, introduced by the National Government, for most of this increase. At present all milk not sold for drinking (at 3½d. a pint) is turned over to manufacturers of butter, cheese, and the makers of all kinds of fitments (at ½d. a pint). The difference between these two prices is a scandal.

Last year it amounted to what can only be described as a free gift by milk-drinkers to manufacturers of over £6,000,000.

Some of this (not much) has, of course, gone back to the consumer in slightly cheaper prices for cheese and butter, and as a result the sale of these commodities has enormously increased. On the other hand, however, just because it is dearer, the consumption of liquid milk has gone down. We drink less milk per head of the population than almost any other nation.

* * *

The way out is plain and the Government should take it. The cost of liquid milk to the housewife should be brought down, even if it means that the manufacturers pay more and the distributors (who do very well) get less.

Lord Astor, who led the attack on the Government, asserted that if the Milk Board were reorganised along commonsense lines the price of milk to the public could be reduced by as much as 8d. a gallon. This saving would be a godsend in countless homes.

A TIP

IT is estimated that over six million people read JOHN BULL each week and half of them belong to the fair sex.

We are happy, therefore, to give those three million feminine readers some exciting "inside information" about a new development in the world of print—and to guarantee a real thrill for every one of them who acts on it.

Here's the tip. There will be on sale at bookstalls and newsagents everywhere next Thursday, a wonderful new paper designed especially for women, that's like no other paper you've ever read.

* * *

Its name is *Woman*, it costs only 2d., and, having seen an advance copy, we can assure you that it will be the most astonishing value in a weekly woman's magazine at that price you've ever seen.

Containing 64 big pages alive with colour, including the very latest fashion ideas in gorgeous full-colour gravure, and packed from cover to cover with fiction and fascinating "how-to" articles, it promises to be a sensation in modern publishing.

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Spare Time Gentleman *in* BLUE

On duty when off duty! The Special gives up much of his spare time in the public service

AMONG the old documents of the history section at Scotland Yard the following maxims will be found in instructions for the guidance of special constables:

"Be civil and obliging to people of every rank and class.

"Do not interfere idly or unnecessarily in order to make a show of authority.

"When required to act, do so with decision and boldness."

These exhortations were issued one hundred and eight years ago—in 1829, when a special constabulary was first called into being to assist the regular police in the protection of London.

And those precepts form to-day the basis of the conduct code of the modern "Special."

He is now at his zenith, standing in relationship to the police force as the Territorial soldier does to the Army.

Past is the time when the special constable was regarded by the public as a kind of grown-up Boy Scout.

The value of his voluntary service is fully recognised. Witness the generous letter of thanks to the London "Specials" from Sir Philip Game, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, for their arduous and skilful work during the strenuous Coronation period.

Whether the Metropolitan Special Constabulary will continue in its present form is a matter of speculation. There is a scheme, with all details drafted, for the formation of a Police Reserve. Under this proposal regular police officers when they retire will be transferred for a term of five years to the Reserve.

If Parliamentary sanction is given to this development, Reservists will take the place of "Specials" on all occasions when the police need extra assistance. The Special Constabulary will retire to its originally intended function of duty when there is a state of national emergency.

Still the Police Reserve is a long way ahead. Meanwhile the "Special" will carry on cheerfully and efficiently; doing his best whenever his force is mobilised.

To be a special constable is not just a matter of enrolment, putting on a uniform, and marching out to take a position on a royal procession route, or taking over traffic control when other policemen are engaged with difficult duties.

Being a special constable means giving up a great deal of spare time in which the other man would be enjoying himself in recreation.

There are in the London area 14,000 special constables, and in the rest of England another 30,000. But the London and City of London men are the only ones called on to do normal police duty of patrol, guard and traffic control, when the regular police are busy with exceptional work.

So the Metropolitan and City Special Constabulary have a unique position. They are far more like real policemen—with an amateur status—than their colleagues of the provincial cities and the counties.

In London a "Special" has to learn his job alongside a regular. For training purposes he goes out on a "beat," or takes police station duty to absorb office routine.

A great deal of his spare time is taken before he can gain the distinction of efficiency. After enrolment, he must perform a minimum of ten duties in his first year.

The system in London is exactly like that of a Territorial recruit. The "Special" must train to be an efficient policeman in the same way as a Territorial trains to become a soldier.

Everything is done on a voluntary basis. *There is no pay.* Uniform is issued free, but that is all. To attend training, lectures and drill means private expenditure.

When special constables are called out on duty, there is a small allowance for refreshment expenses. But that does not cover the out-of-pockets of the men.

Only salaries paid to the London specials are two at the headquarters in St. Stephen's House, Westminster. For the rest, everything is given for nothing.

Lord Trenchard, when he was Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, reorganised the Special Constabulary. He instituted an enquiry and found that there were many hundreds of special constables who never attended drills, never did anything except stay at home.

Many of them had not troubled to obtain their full uniform and equipment!

So there was a drastic weeding out. The old and lazy men were relegated to a reserve. Only the keen amateur policemen were left.

A standard was defined for future recruitment. A "Special" now must be between twenty and forty years of age, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, and have a chest measurement of 34 in. In his first year he is expected to perform a minimum of ten duties. There are lectures on police work, classes in first aid, and street patrols to be carried through in company with a regular officer.

All these attendances take a considerable part of a special constable's leisure. Spare time must be sacrificed if a recruit means to become a really efficient constable.

Promotion is made from the ranks. Sergeants, inspectors, and commandants must have done their bit as constables, and proved their value.

Class distinction does not enter into the question of promotion. The Metropolitan Special Constabulary is entirely democratic.

Stockbrokers and sweeps, doctors and lorrymen work side by side, and enjoy the fellowship.

The most interesting of the Special Constabulary divisions is that of Bow Street, which covers a large part of the West End of London. Here is the central office for recruiting.

One of the first constables to enrol in this "E" Division was the late Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., afterwards Recorder of London. The first staff order was issued to the division by the late Sir Edward Ward, formerly secretary at the War Office.

Throughout the war the men of the division were repeatedly called on for air-raid duty.

Entries in the daily Occurrence Book show what was done. The entries run like this:—

"September 10. 15 Sgt. Hodge reports the Imperial Hotel, Russell Square, hit by hostile aircraft.

"Constable Bonner, on duty in Red Lion Square when bombs dropped, rescued six persons from a burning shop before the arrival of the Fire Brigade.

"October 13. S/C. T. G. Pinchon killed and S/C. Courtney wounded by hostile aircraft whilst on duty.

"Great praise must be given to the ambulance men of the division for the excellent work they performed in the execution of their duty in the face of the danger of bombs, shrapnel and falling glass. No praise can be too great."

That was on an occasion when an air-raid shelter was demolished by a direct hit. Bow Street Police Court and Covent Garden Tube Station were used as temporary dressing posts for more than 100 casualties.

By February, 1918, no fewer than 15,000 people were sheltering from air raids in places controlled by men of the division.

After the war the busiest time for the "specials" was during the general strike of 1926. Then they were engaged in all kinds of guard duties to relieve the "professionals."

One of the outcomes of the strike was the realisation it brought to thousands of men of the opportunity of service in the ranks of the Special Constabulary. Hundreds of new recruits rolled up to take their place by the side of the old hands. They did not assist in "strike breaking"—for many of them were staunch trade unionists. They simply came forward to assist their fellow-citizens in time need.

In some of the police forces outside London, mobile squads of special constables have been formed from motorists who are ready to assist with their cars, and have proved particularly useful during burglary epidemics.

At Reigate the Chief Constable has progressed a step farther. He has a real "Flying Squad" of specials who are qualified air pilots and own aeroplanes.

It is claimed that the enthusiastic special constable has only one complaint—and that is when, under the age limit for active service, he must be transferred to the Reserve, and so lose the happy association of regular duty.

Just a Human Story

Poignant Journey

MOST men look forward to the day of their retirement with something akin to dread.

One's wheels may have become worn and rusty, but one hates to bring them to a standstill.

But for Henry James Hand, L.M.S. train guard, of College Road, Hereford, there was an added reason why he wanted to keep in harness.

His son Percy was staff clerk in the superintendent's office at Swansea.

Another son was an engine-driver; stood on the footplate of some of the biggest and fastest L.M.S. engines.

They were a railway family. There is as much to be proud of in that as being members of an acting family, a political family, a legal family.

And Henry James Hand, railway guard, who was soon to reach sixty-five, the date on which retirement became due, was not lacking in pride either in his family or his job.

* * *

It was Henry James Hand's birthday the other day—his sixty-fifth birthday.

Not as a guard, this time, but as a passenger, he set out for Swansea.

In the L.M.S. offices there he was handed his retirement certificate. There was something about the wording on it that stirred him deeply. He looked towards the end to find a signature.

It was the signature of Percy, his son.

He folded the paper, put it in his pocket, walked towards the station to return to Hereford. Took his seat.

* * *

Before the journey was complete something inspired him to walk towards the engine.

On the footplate was his other son—the third member of the railway family—keen, begrimed.

Two men shook hands over the steel side of the driving cabin—just shook hands, nothing more.

It wasn't a moment for words.

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SPECIAL free sample offer of CICFA to indigestion sufferers. Send a postcard (1d. stamp) to Cicfa Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 48, King George's Ave., Watford. See back cover.

FREE.—Heath and Heather offer a free cup of their "Famous Book of Herbs," which has meant new health to thousands. Fill in the coupon on page 39 and post to Heath and Heather, Ltd. (Dept. 161), St. Albans.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CELEBRATE Imperial Festivities on the occasion, with the delicious Wines of Australia —Britain's own Vineyard. Australian Wine has all the wonderful food value and stimulating tonic properties which make Wine the finest beverage the world provides. Better still, Australian Wines are much lower in price. You can obtain—as well as the Port, Claret, Burgundy, Sherry, etc. The Australian Wine Board, 35, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.3, will gladly give any information.

FREE sample tube of Odol Tooth Paste. Simply send a postcard to Cranbury, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.4), Norwich, or fill in coupon on p. 24.

FREE.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dept. J.12, Homepride Mills, Birkenhead, for free booklet containing selection of excellent recipes. See p. 14.

THE Pearl "Pension Scheme" offers an excellent method of securing a guaranteed income for life or special benefits for your family. Full particulars, without obligation, to readers who fill in coupon on p. 18. You may never regret it.

SMOKERS!—An interesting booklet showing shapes and range of City De Luxe Pipes will be sent free to all readers who write mentioning *John Bull*, to Oppenheimer Pipes, Ltd., Dept. J.B., 28, Finsbury Sq., London, E.C.2. See p. 25.

FREE.—A fascinating book of models, color schemes and painted specimens of all Modern colours is offered to *John Bull* readers. Simply send a p.c. with your name and address in block capitals, to Lewis Berger & Sons, Ltd. (Dept. G.3), Homerton, London, E.9. See p. 26.

IF you would like to know more about the uses of SECCOTINE, the famous adhesive, write to Dept. J.B., Messrs. M'Caw, Stevenson & Orr, Ltd., Belfast, for free booklet. See p. 31.

A TRIAL sample of Kolynos Dental Cream will be sent on application to Kolynos (Dept. 87), 12, Chenies St., Ldn., W.C.1. See p. 36.

FREE.—The coupon on page 12 will bring a handbook which gives the clearest explanation of the British General Fixed Trust Certificates system of investment and what it means to the small investor in safety and income. The British General Fixed Trust brings you an income from the stock or shares of 27 leading industrial companies. Fill in the coupon and keep this excellent handbook for future reference.

ACCEPT this free offer. A sample tube of Euthymol Toothpaste will be sent to every reader who write to Euthymol, Dept. 67, 100/130, Bunhill Street, London, W.1. Ensure Dental Hygiene by writing for this free trial tube now. See p. 28.

NAIL BITING.—Free booklet sent post-paid for 1½d stamp explains how you can rid yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Filtex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 31 Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

Making Happy Families

—A Miracle of Social Service

PECKHAM, as a name, had not meant much to the world. It was just typical of the districts to be found on the fringe of London—or any big city.

But now it has taken on a new significance. In fifty or a hundred years it will surely stand for something that really mattered as Tolpuddle or Stratford-on-Avon.

For at this moment a brave experiment is being conducted there, an experiment so very fine and unselfish that a knowledge of it might well cause arms profiteers, employers of sweated labour and other miscreants to bow their heads in shame.

It all began a number of years ago when two young medical scientists, a man and a woman, found themselves working in the same laboratory. The man was the senior in years and experience, the woman became his faithful and eager pupil.

Later she turned to social work in the East End of London, he continued in research at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Separately they were forced gradually to the same conclusion—that medical science has always tackled the problems of disease from the wrong end.

Their belief tallied with that of Sir James Mackenzie, whose institute at St. Andrews is world famous. Mackenzie first pointed out the need of studying not the end but the *beginning* of disease, and seeking its earliest signs.

So this man, Dr. Scott Williamson, and this remarkable woman, Dr. Innes Pearse, argued along entirely new lines. They reflected upon the failure of all this country's attempts to achieve health; upon the appalling figures pointing to the "C3-ness" of the nation.

Evidence from schools and education authorities revealed that more than 800,000 children in this country were unfit to take advantage of the education provided by the State.

With such grim facts in their minds Dr. Pearse and Dr. Williamson set out to do something. They had no ideas of working miracles or creating sensations. They believed that the answer to all human ills lies in environment. If a child is ill you must know all about that child's parents, its home and the conditions in which it lives.

So the two doctors, backed by a small company of sympathisers, began a study of the *family* upon a scale never before attempted.

An old house at Peckham was standing vacant. The doctors took it, fitted it up temporarily for their purpose, sent out invitations to the neighbourhood and opened one Monday afternoon in 1926. It was Friday before anyone came near the place.

Then one family told another, and soon there were a number of fathers and mothers and children coming along regularly. They had to pay a very small sum each week—it was not a charity — and for this they obtained the world's finest value.

First, an exhaustive medical examination. Women and young children went before Dr. Pearse, men before Dr. Williamson. A long investigation into the state of heart and lungs, eyes and ears, and all the organs of the body in the case of each individual was followed by a family consultation.

Father, mother and the children had a chat with the doctors and were given wise and kindly advice.

It is little use your discovering that a man is not getting enough exercise, or leisure, unless you can help him to get it.

What are you to say to the pathetic little mother, living in two rooms with four children clutching her skirt, when you discover that sheer monotony is breaking her spirit and her health?

So, Dr. Pearse and Dr. Williamson realised that they could not expect the people of Peckham to go to their "centre" merely to be told what was wrong with them.

First, they dealt with the problems of the women in a sympathetic way. The building was thrown open for several hours each day, and the mothers were encouraged to bring their children—and their knitting.

A matron was installed to take charge of the children, and women who, while living almost next door to one another, had never met were given opportunities for friendship.

Still, there wasn't much for father and the older children, and in the minds of the two doctors there began to work the most ambitious plans.

It would provide a loophole of escape from environment, the deadly monotony of working-class life, and enable them, the doctors, to study all those lives at close range.

It would take too long to tell of the hopes and disappointments, the little triumphs and vexations of the next few years. The old house, its purpose achieved and its object demonstrated, was closed.

But the two doctors went steadfastly on, working and working, gathering support and financial strength, until one day it was possible for work to begin on the most remarkable building in this country.

Aptly enough, it was called the Pioneer Health Centre, and the site chosen was within a few minutes of the original house.

But this new building was something vast in conception, costing nearly £50,000 and completed only with the aid of a substantial mortgage.

A leading Samaritan of this age came to the rescue. Lord Nuffield learned of the work that was going on in Peckham, went to the centre personally and later gave £25,000. At one stroke an overdraft was wiped off, and the work of the doctors was relieved of undue anxiety.

Their idea has always been to make the place self-supporting. They have no more use for charity than the people of the district.

But they reckoned on an eventual membership of 1,600 families, and at 1s. per family a week, with each family spending a like sum on refreshments and so on, the thing could be made to pay its way.

Now the "Centre," as it is known in Peckham, is brilliantly successful.

Four hundred families "belong" and the numbers are increasing steadily. This is fast work when you realise that an essential part of membership is a medical examination lasting about one and a half hours.

As a building it is startlingly modern in its design, stands a short distance back from St. Mary's Road. You pass a gatekeeper's hut, walk along a path beside the concrete area laid out for roller-skating, of all things, and enter at the back of the building.

In the very centre is the swimming-pool, its sides level with the first floor, since its bottom rests on the ground level.

The pool, big and deep at one end, is surrounded by glass panelling separating it from the other departments. There is something for almost every interest of any member of the family.

Small children may use the well-equipped gymnasium, or play badminton and table tennis.

They may borrow roller skates and practise safely on the enclosed space in the open air.

Mothers visit the centre in the afternoons, have their tea there, at trifling cost, do their knitting and chat together.

Later father may come along, have a glass of beer—yes, even beer is on sale—and then perhaps play a game of billiards before taking the family home.

All the activities in the place are run by the members. There is an orchestra, a dance club, a dramatic club—everything, almost.

You may study boxing or darts, fencing or diving.

Only *families* may join, whole families whether a young married couple or parents of middle-age with six children. A family is the only permissible unit. An individual is not admitted to membership.

Members, perhaps, lose sight of the great purpose that is working through the centre in which they are playing a part.

They do not realise that they are helping to add to the sum total of human knowledge.

They think of the centre as a place where there is always a nice crowd, where there is always something interesting to do.

Subtly, though, there is being inculcated in them a sense of the need for fitness.

The staff at the centre have taken the place in their minds that was once held by the old family doctor who knew the family history.

Every so often there is the medical examination, which the members come to expect and regard as necessary.

If they are passed as fit they are more pleased than anything; if they are advised to have some kind of medical attention they are grateful for a timely warning that will prevent more serious trouble later.

It is a great service to the people of Peckham, and the doctors, mighty pioneers in their way, are steadily adding to the fund of knowledge, gathering evidence to answer the eternal question: "Where does disease begin?"

There must be literally millions of men and women in this country who are ill without being aware of the fact.

Evidence of this is seen in the first figures issued in the centre's report. Of 1,200 people examined 400 were found to be *ill*.

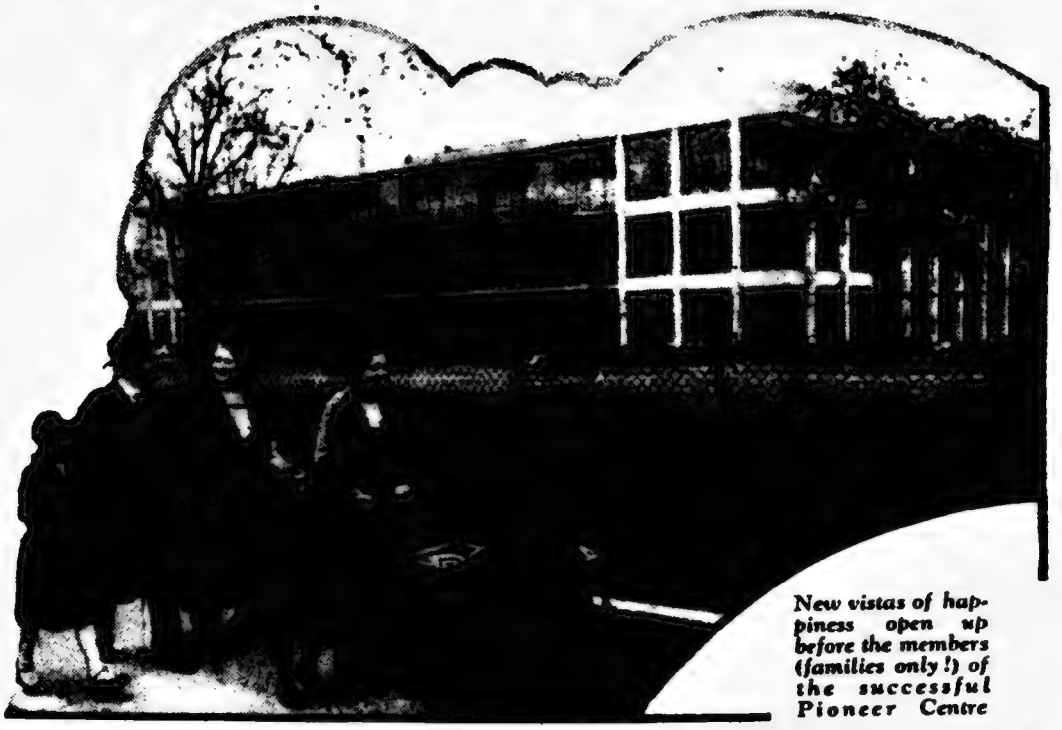
Some of them had more than one ailment, ranging from two cases of skin disease to no fewer than 300 of blood trouble. Without knowing it, fifty people had heart trouble.

All these things were discovered in ample time for treatment and cure. *For the first time in medical history patients were being given advice before they realised that they were seriously ill!*

So, while the young boys and girls danced downstairs to the amateur orchestra, plunged in the pool or strolled on the terraces, the doctors worked quietly in the rooms upstairs, ensuring that they would avoid the ills that had already attacked their parents.

Is this the answer to the physical plight of the nation? Are these two doctors, with their devoted staff, pointing the way to a better Britain?

If the Government wants to know how to spend its money for the improvement of the nation's health it need look no further than Peckham.



New vistas of happiness open up before the members (families only!) of the successful Pioneer Centre

Build Friendship

ONLY too often a friendship, thought firm, will collapse when bad times come along, thus proving how "jerrybuilt" it was! The real friend is one who will stand by when a comrade going through a "rainy day."

Such were the thoughts of a twenty-one-year-old Staffordshire man—Mr. F. Bailey, 583, High Lane, Tunstall, Stoke-on-Trent—as he considered the *Example*, TO BUILD FRIENDSHIP, in our 1,070th Bullets Contest.

Seizing this opportunity for a neat compliment, he proceeded to earn a £25 cheque with the telling effort, TO BUILD FRIENDSHIP—"RAINY DAY'S" FINE TIME.

There are further opportunities in this week's Contest.

Turn to page 43 and get busy now, for £750 fortune, other big cheques and the Motoring prizes, are waiting to be won.

Keep fit-

MAKE EVERY WEEK-END A HOLIDAY...GO "RALEIGH CRUISING"

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It's your move

. . . . . if you want to make sure of a regular income for later years.

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For Your Dependents	An amount of **£2,000** plus guaranteed bonuses payable immediately in the event of your death. This amount would be increased to **£4,000** plus guaranteed bonuses if death should be accidental.

The benefits in this example are for a man having effected his policy just before his 35th birthday. Premium payments rank for Income Tax allowance.

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CHILD ACTORS

Wicked Exploitation

In a recent film Sybil Jason gave a clever performance as a child dancer in a prison palace. Happily, in real life, child film stars are rigidly guarded from such exploitations

By HANNEN SWAFFER

BOY actors and girl actresses have been saved from cruelty by wise legislation and paternal local government. But the cry of the children still goes on.

The exploiting of juvenile labour amid inhuman conditions of employment, once almost general in the world of the theatre, but abolished to-day, has still to be stamped out in night clubs of mushroom growth, which are one of the evils of London life to-day.

The child actor, except in a few cases in touring companies, hard to track down, now lives in what is, compared with what used to be, an earthly paradise.

Julian Wylie, until he passed on, employed between 300 and 400 children at Christmas, as does Tom Arnold to-day. These children, who nearly all come from poor homes, are so happy during pantomime time, that they look forward almost with dread to going back to school, its restrictions and its monotony. The youngest are six. In the morning, except during holiday times, they have lessons given them in the theatre by a qualified teacher.

In the afternoon, they rehearse, or perform if there is a matinée. In the evening they take part in the show until 11 o'clock, when they are whisked off home directly the hour strikes.

They are all in charge of an "Auntie," as they call her. She acts as mother, pays the lodgings and lives in them with the kids, loving and correcting them as if they really belonged to her.

They are taught habits of cleanliness, given manicure sets at Christmas, for instance. And they all dream of finding work, in the future, on the stage or on the films.

In this country, Filmland is so carefully supervised by Authority that it is almost impossible for a child to be employed. It seems hard, in some cases; but you can't have the good and not the penalty.

Indeed, Freddie Bartholomew had to go to Hollywood, and there he is allowed to work only ten minutes at a time!

When I visited the Metro-Goldwyn lot, last year, I saw the small schoolroom where he takes lessons with other child actors.

They are not stars at school. They are really children.

Acrobatic troupes are seldom formed of English people to-day, because it is much more difficult than it was to train children for such jobs as tight-rope walking, trapeze work, or becoming balancing acts and contortionists. That is because a wise Government has learned that much of this sort of thing was brought under conditions that were cruel. Lupino Lane, one of the masters of this sort of thing, was brought up by his father, to whom he always says he owes everything. And there are other cases where a parent has taught his child mercifully and with great care.

But in the old days, many of these unfortunate children suffered much—and they still do in Japan and on the Continent. That is why to-day most acrobatic troupes come from abroad.

So do all "freaks." Here, merciful doctors, without saying anything, smother them at birth.

What British acrobats survive were mostly trained on the fair-ground, where it is hard to check what goes on, because the fair is always on the move. Children attached to a fair still often miss education of any kind. They never go to school. They are hidden when the inspectors come round.

Then there are, of course, a few boy acrobats that no one could stop. They love it so much that they would endure anything.

Before the war, conditions were much more lax. Noel Coward, who was a boy actor, did not seem to like being taken care of.

"The bugbear of the child actor is the business of being licensed," he says. "The law insists that no child under fourteen may appear on the professional stage without the sanction of a magistrate.

"Consequently, before each production, a miserable morning is spent by the business manager, the mother and the child, standing about tortured with anxiety in draughty passages, oppressed by an atmosphere of criminality and surrounded by policemen.

"The magistrates vary. Some are easy-going and give the licence without any fuss, others are obtuse and disapproving, seemingly obsessed with the idea that the child is being forced against its will to act in order to support idle and dissolute parents."

Noel did not understand that although this was not true in his case it was in scores of others.

Indeed, when he was going to act in "The Great Name" with Charles Hawtrey, he nearly failed to get a licence because the magistrate, "who had several feet in the grave and looked like a macaw," could not be persuaded that the whole thing was not a case of sweated child labour of the worst variety.

At first the magistrate refused, whereupon Noel burst into loud sobs, and his mother, outraged beyond endurance, shouted out that if the licence were not granted, her boy would be heart-broken.

"The whole court waited expectantly in dead silence for her to be led to prison," said Noel, "but the old magistrate seemed crushed and granted the licence, and we left the court tearful with relief, after a dignified bow to everybody present."

Lily Elsie appeared in a Manchester pantomime when she was ten—Little Elsie. Charlie Chaplin acted in a music-hall sketch when he was seven, and at ten became one of the Eight Lancashire Lads. Bobby Andrews was a boy actor.

Gertie Lawrence was a child actress. So was Betty Chester, although her parents were well-to-do.

They were some of the lucky ones. But hundreds of little mites, until the law stepped in, were exploited and beaten; yes, and half-starved, regarded merely as wage-earners for other people.

But to-day, the old conditions have gone, so far as the stage is concerned; yes, and in regard to the concert platform.

When the Viennese Boys' Choir was coming here a few months ago, they could not appear in Glasgow and other provincial cities because they were not allowed to perform on a Sunday.

Ida Haendel, a violinist, and a Russian girl pianist with an unpronounceable name—both of these were star performers—could not appear in Britain until they were fourteen, and then the concert, started early on purpose, had to be over by ten.

Even as it is, the National Association of Head Teachers passed a resolution the other day expressing concern for the welfare of child actors.

One teacher said that children could not learn properly if they went to a different school each week, that their hours in the theatre were too long, and the strain of travelling was too much. . . .

Some of her statements, I thought, were rather silly. For instance, she quoted the case of some children who arrived at school one morning, unwashed and without breakfast, and who came, another day, very sick, "as the result of the previous night's supper of tinned salmon."

This might have happened to them at home, or at the seaside on the holiday.

Then she talked of how these children, with their "permed hair and their use of rouge, lipstick and powder," were to be pitied.

"Their scale of values is all wrong," she said. "They want life, but they don't know how to live."

This teacher should know that the scale of values is wrong in the grown-up theatre, too—yes, and in other places.

"I have seen a tiny child sitting on the table of a dressing-room, all dolled up with her lips painted and her finger-nails like a Chinaman's, which she was busily decorating with pigment. A child like that will never drop such practices."

Now, I have seen titled women dolled up with their lips painted, and with their finger-nails highly coloured. They didn't learn it on tour, in a children's chorus. In fact, many of them have gone "dolled up" like that to Court.

Still, the teachers were right in the sense that there is still a lot to be done.

In spite of all that has already been accomplished, the horror of young girls being made to perform in the night clubs of London goes on.

The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children—fancy there having to be something called that in a Christian country!—has become alarmed at the number of children who are made to appear regularly at night clubs, in fetid, smoky atmosphere, in places which do not open until all the other licensed places are closed.

You would not believe it, but after these kiddies have danced and sung until the early hours of the morning, they are often given for their services only a box of chocolates. They arrive at school next morning utterly fatigued, unable to follow their lessons.

Indeed, they are child slaves, who spend their nights in surroundings of loose morality over-drinking, their lungs filled with smoke.

They often dance and sing for the amusement of the scum of the earth, when all respectable people have been in bed for hours—that is, unless they are taxi-men or policemen or night watchmen.

Night-Shift

A SMILING figure emerged from the cage that disgorged its cargo of human beings at the top of a Yorkshire pit-shaft at the completion of night-shift, before dawn.

He had remembered that this day was an important one in the lives of himself and his wife, and he wondered whether she would remember it.

Just five years ago that day they had married. Speculation as to whether it had escaped her mind, and what she would say if it hadn't, drew him towards his home even more magnetically than usual.

Ah, she was asleep—the two babies, too. The house must be warm and comfortable for their rising on this anniversary day. He stooped to the job of building and lighting the fire.

* * *

Perhaps it was the idea that he wouldn't rouse his wife until the house was thoroughly warm that led him to sink back on a settee and watch the mounting flames.

All he knows now is that he fell asleep—was awakened to find the whole room ablaze.

It was remarkable that he was able to reach and carry to safety the woman and two babies who were asleep upstairs. It was at the expense of bad burns about the face and hands that he saved these loved ones.

So fierce were the flames that, although the neighbours fought them with buckets of water and the fire brigade arrived with all speed, nothing but the four outer walls of the house remained when the hoses were unrolled.

Fifth anniversary of their wedding, and there they were in the bleak streets homeless, the furniture of which they had been so proud nothing but a scattering of smoking ashes!

Kindly neighbours at once afforded them shelter—but what of their very serious loss?

Well, we have a letter from that reader in which, thanking us for the big cheque we sent him, he writes: "We shall now be able to buy a new home, which without the help of JOHN BULL we could not have done."

All his heartfelt thanks are for us—yet he has himself to thank for one important thing. For his wisdom and the sense of duty to his family that made him sign a coupon he found in JOHN BULL and so qualify for the protection of our unique free family insurance scheme.

You owe it to others as well as yourself to sign that coupon. We have made it very easy for you. You can find it *now* on page 2.

Shut your eyes—open your mouth—don't stop watering the rosebush—and take a bite. It's wives like this who make gardening popular.

You're on top of the world when you're on top of a haystack. It's a fine place to eat. When you've a Cadbury Filled Block to top off lunch it's better still.

Even the roundabout has to wait when there are Cadbury Filled Blocks in the offing. Here's 'How to be popular, though a parent.'

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In every chocolate-box you like some of the chocolates more than the others—usually they're some of the soft centred ones. You pick and choose — looking for your favourites — and leave the others till the last. *Well, while you did that Cadbury's have had their eye on you.* Cadbury's have found your favourite soft-centres — a whole range of them—and made them up into little 2d. blocks, divided into cubes, each with its cream-soft flavour-favourite centre. So now you don't have to *search* for your favourites—and pay for others—every time you buy chocolates. You buy a 'chocolate-blox' instead of a chocolate-box—and you find your favourites there — perfectly flavoured, with the texture of firm cream that's just right in a soft-centered chocolate. And because they're made eight at a time — filled eight at a time—sold eight at a time in each 2d. block—they cost you much less than the same chocolates would sold separately as chocolate-creams. There's deliciousness, convenience and value — all together in each Cadbury Filled Block.

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What Can the Church Do for Me?—6

A Divorcée has her DOUBTS

MRS. ——— is twenty-six years of age.

"Very young to be divorced," I told her.

"Very young to be an outcast from the world," she said, struggling not to cry. "Friends won't look at me now. My mother came to London for the Coronation and went back home without calling on me. It's cruel, it's unfair for a single moral lapse.

"My husband admits that his own conduct was partly responsible for what happened, yet he refused to forgive me. Don't you think that is more wicked than anything I have done?"

I had already explained to her that I had been furnished with her address as that of a person with a big problem, and that I was taking people with problems to church in obedience to the Archbishop of Canterbury's recall to religion.

"I'll go anywhere where I might find a little human fellowship," she said, "because I tell you that unless I do I shall go mad."

That is why, having asked her to pick her own place of worship, we found ourselves attending the Sunday night service at Christ Church, Stepney, a sombre, begrimed-looking church in one of the poorest districts of London.

"I am told that although Church of England the service is very High Church," I warned her.

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"I would prefer it," she answered. "I was brought up in the Roman Catholic Church, although I don't suppose any Church would have much time for me now."

"We'll know within an hour," I said.

"I know the result already," she answered bitterly. "Christ might have forgiven, but there's only bricks and mortar to represent Him now."

But we were soon to find that there is more than bricks and mortar to represent Christ at the church which bears His name at Stepney. I do not refer to the vestments, the servers, the incense.

I refer to the Reverend Father Thomas Groser, about sixty years old, and a pillar of geniality and real understanding.

"Delighted," he said, when we asked whether he would have a word with us in the vestry after the service. And within a few minutes we stood in his study, watched him light a briar pipe and, seeing his long clerical attire part at the front as he sank back in a decrepit old chair, noticed that he wore underneath it an old pair of flannel bags! "This lady has been divorced," I told him.

His hand stole out, seized hers in a grip. "Now tell me all your troubles, my dear," he said.

Now there is something about Father Groser.

That overworked word "magnetic" hardly describes his personality as he puffed at his pipe and listened to the woman's story of the lapse that had ruined her life.

Once, in her breathless story, she revealed her belief that the Church wouldn't administer Holy Communion to her, which led the parson to pull her up at once.

"My dear, *of course* I would administer Holy Communion," he told her. "I would administer it to you *now*, bless you."

I could see she was surprised at that. She asked him at once whether that meant that the Church was going to drop its antagonism to the divorcée.

"That depends," he said. "As to the past, it is the Church's duty to forgive. As to the future, it expects you to aim at living a life consistent with the Christian law.

"Undoubtedly, you once committed a sin against your own religion—but here you are both sorry for it and willing and eager to return to your husband. As I see it, you are now a blameless person in the eyes of the Church."

He began to emphasise his words with stabs of his briar pipe.

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"My dear people, there isn't a man or woman who hasn't committed sin. Not one. And the Church, if true to the teachings of Jesus Christ, must consider not only their sins but the circumstances that gave rise to them.

"And it must forgive those sins and forget all about them, as He taught that it should do.

"Circumstances play their part not only on the behaviour of individuals, but on the behaviour of groups and nations, which always forgive each other's sins. Or shall I say that they should do?

"That is my grumble with the Treaty of Versailles. It represented the antithesis of forgiveness. It penalised, instead of forgiving. You will find un-Christian people doing that to you.

"Jesus Christ was a bigger friend of sinners throughout His life, my dear, than of many of the so-called spiritual people of His day."

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The woman spoke now. "But my concern is the people I meet," she said. "My family, my friends, will have nothing to do with me. There are churches that would be like that. Is that Christian?"

"Definitely not!" he answered. "And if they believe in the teachings of Christ, their attitude towards you will be a continual burden to their own consciences."

"But the Archbishop ———" she said. "He spoke in condemnation of certain people in his broadcast appeal. He attacked their moral laxity. Should he have done so?"

"In my opinion, it is a pity that this rebuke was made part of the Archbishop's recall. Had the Church acted as it should have acted at the close of the war, the standard of individual and social morality would never have necessitated the rebuke the Archbishop was prompted to utter."

Then came the question the woman had been bursting to ask all along—whether Father Groser could welcome her to his church as he would welcome any other member of his congregation.

"The oftener you come to see me the better," he said. "That is my answer to that. In fact, I shall be disappointed if I don't see you often." At which he placed a hand on her shoulder as a father might encourage his child.

Then we rose to go. But we saw things that made it difficult for us to leave.

Young people were playing ping-pong and billiards in one room. In another room they were dancing. In yet another, a meeting was in progress—and it seemed to me to be concerned with private theatricals. This on church premises, after Sunday night's service.

At a table near the door, two badly dressed men ate bread and butter.

We sought the clergyman again.

"Oh, those two men who are eating?" he asked. "They are two unemployed men who have dropped in on us. There is always some little thing for them.

"And I hope you are not grumbling about my flock dancing and playing games on church premises on Sunday night. Where better that they could go? Not the streets!"

"You'll shock some of the clergy," I told him.

"I've been shocking some of them for thirty years, and I shall go on shocking them," he replied. Then we parted.

Father Groser—"magnetic" hardly describes his compelling personality . . .

I was the first to speak when the woman and myself were alone. "So all that is left to represent Christ is bricks and mortar?" I asked her.

She shook her head. "Father Groser has made me look on things a bit differently," she said. "I haven't got my impressions sorted out yet, but he's a good man, isn't he?"

"But that isn't quite what I mean. I am wanting to find out what the Church has to offer each and every one of us. Has it anything to offer you?"

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She thought for a moment before replying. Then she spoke slowly.

"All I know," she replied, "is that I went to church full of scepticism, and that I met there one man who seems to have had an influence on me such as I have never felt in my life before.

"I seem to have lost that feeling of being an utter outcast, although it might come back if somebody treats me terribly.

"Yes, I am going to church again."

Next Week:
An Unmarried Mother

THE HUMAN MACHINE

PROBABLY one of the commonest questions asked either of ourselves or of others is: "Ought I to take a risk?" Sometimes people put it in another way. They wonder if they ought to burn their boats, cut off their line of retreat and go ahead heedless of the consequences.

People who ask such questions have seldom any real idea of what they are doing. They think they're jogging along very comfortably: but they're really just drifting around. They're going nowhere in particular.

They're just going. "I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way" is a pretty good summary of their state of mind!

People who wonder if they ought to take a risk can be answered in two words—they oughtn't. For they have no clear idea of what it is they are after. If a new forward step looks like a risk, then it hasn't been clearly thought out. It isn't part of a plan. It hasn't been worked up to.

To think and plan, to look ahead and consider all possibilities—that is one thing, and a good thing: but to hesitate and dither once a chance has presented itself is another thing—and a fatal one. For it is a painful truth that once opportunity has passed you by it develops a speed that is rather quicker than greased lightning. When it's gone it's gone. It's seldom any use trying to overtake it.

Either seize it or forget it. People who prepare an elaborate line of retreat before they dare venture a step forward should stay put. They'd be happier. There's no sense in gagging ambition and fastening up optimism with chains of doubt.

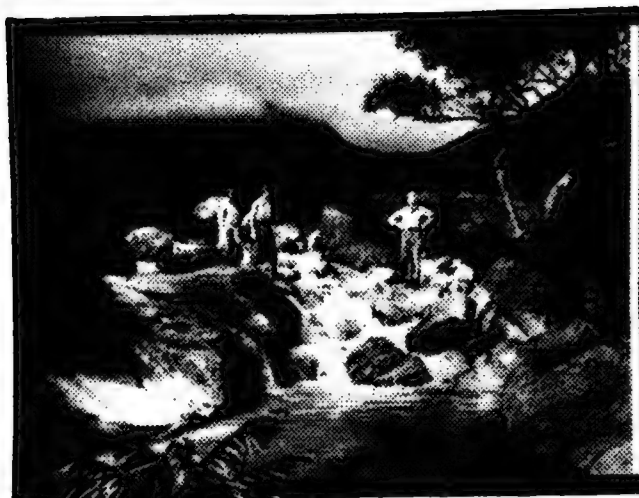
Make sure that what you want is really ahead of you and then get after it. And once you start—keep going.

Adventure's Call

There's a new kind of thrill for every boy in the new wonder paper "Modern Wonder," price 2d. everywhere.

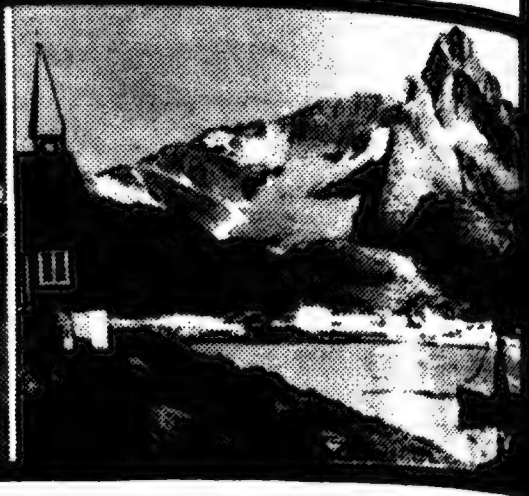
In sixteen large pages—four of which are in full colours—famous scientists and pioneers of engineering tell the fascinating secrets of television, aeroplanes, leviathan ships and mighty steam engines, and other wonderful achievements.

There isn't a boy—young or old—who can resist the appeal to adventure which "Modern Wonder" makes.



Beautiful Isle of Arran

Grim contrast—America's "Devil's Island"



Greenland's mountains are not all icy

ISLES of ROM

TRISTAN DA CUNHA is in the news again. It wants to be recognised as an established unit of the British Empire.

Most people know something of Tristan. Its very reputation as the "world's loneliest isle" has led to endless accounts of its simple-hearted men and women, their grim struggle for existence, their old-world courtesy, of how the nearest inhabited territory is another island, St. Helena, more than thirteen hundred miles away.

And one of its inhabitants, in London for the Coronation, was heard on the air the other night telling of the lonely life the islanders lead.

Also in London just now is Mr. Edward Young, Pitcairn Islander and descendant of one of the *Bounty's* mutineers, who is trying to find a bride for the friend he has left behind in the tiny place where they live a barter-and-exchange existence.

Such visitors from the ends of the earth make one wonder. . . .

Ocean Specks

What draws colonies of Britons to isles almost as remote, equally barren, still more storm-bound; or lone settlers to live in Robinson Crusoe fashion on specks in the ocean that are rarely visited by any vessel?

Perhaps the fascination of sea-locked homes cannot be explained. Perhaps if you could borrow the magic carpet of the fairy tales and visit the loveliest, most romantic, sternest islands of the globe, you'd be wise to explore first the little-known British Isles.

Look at the map of Great Britain. England. Wales. Scotland — one island. Ireland, another. Five hundred smaller ones. And on some of them the inhabitants, like the settlers of distant Tristan da Cunha, will tell you that they breakfast on potatoes, dine on potatoes and fish, sup on potatoes and onions.

But they contemptuously refuse all offers of removal to the mainland.

Did you see the "Man of Aran" film? Then pass to Barra, twelve hours by steamer from Oban. Barra, too, has been filmed, but no camera can depict its charm.

A greater variety of scenery than anywhere else in the world. Bright green seas lapping gently on white sands, or cascading into angry breakers higher than St. Paul's.

Staggering colours: Blue and green and violet. Incredible sunsets of purple and gold. Great hills, one 1,480 ft. high. A few minutes' walk from the thundering Atlantic brings you to quiet glens and lochs.

It may tempt you, like the novelist Compton Mackenzie, to build your house there. Or you may prefer romantic, inaccessible Eriskay, with its moors, forests and rivers.

Two young men of Eriskay were brought to the mainland not long ago. In one crowded day they saw their first shops, cinema, motor cars. "A graidh an tsaoghal!" was all they say: "For the love of the world!"

And they went back sorely puzzled, wondering how the traffic lights knew when to change colour!

Simple folk, too, are the people of Holy Island, three miles from Berwick-on-Tweed. Its fishermen will not go to sea if they meet a cross-eyed person; "pig" must never be mentioned.

The women still carry water from the wells in gourds. In the oil-lit church hall the polka, quadrille and Roger de Coverley are still danced.

Yet the island, so remote in time, can be reached on foot at low tide. The way across is marked by a line of poles, some of which have big cages equipped with ladders where you can take refuge if the tide overtakes you.

Then, as a change to this scene of slumbering calm, leave Britain and cross the northern hemisphere to Alcantraz, in San Francisco Bay. But let your stay there be for an hour and not a lifetime.

Alcantraz is America's Devil's Island. Twelve acres of prison, over which guards armed with machine guns and automatics keep an uneasy vigil.

From the armoured office, with its bullet-proof glass, are controlled all the cell doors. Above the mess hall are shining levers which can flood the place with tear gas at a mere flip of the fingers. . . .

Yes, let your stay there be short. Travel on, across the isle-studded Pacific, to Lord Howe Island, lying sunnily in the Tasman Sea, a few hundred miles east of Australia.

What can it offer you? A serene life. Equable climate. Scenic beauty. A species of communism as happy as it is successful.

There poverty is unknown; no one need work more than two hours a week. No policeman, no jail, no lawyer. No cars. Radio, but no amusement save the exhilaration of surf-bathing.

Though this paradise for the leisurely is only seven miles long, a mile-and-a-half across, its fertile soil provides most of the florists' palms which decorate the world's hotels, mansions and liners.

Palmy Paradise

Since the palms grow wild, the only work is the gathering of their seeds, which are a public monopoly. Indeed, the whole island belongs to the community.

No one is allowed to own land: when a young man wants to marry he asks the Board of Control for a strip on which to build his house. And gets it

Of the 150 permanent residents, about half share in the annual division from the sale of palm seeds. To be a participant, you must be a native-born islander, married to an islander, or have lived there for ten years.

The rest—the "non-participants" — are comparative newcomers tempted to settle there by the land's many delights, not begrudging the £5 a year they are expected to contribute to the island's exchequer.

However, "participants" who have private means are also taxed, for administrators are determined that there shall be neither rich nor poor.

Yet, even in this enchanted isle, there is one bane.

Rats! They came from a ship wrecked a score of years ago and they persist despite the wars launched against them. Not only is a bounty of fourpence paid for each tail, but the tails are often used as currency

Less disagreeable, more inconvenient, is the sort of money favoured by the inhabitants of Yep, a few degrees north of the Equator. They are, it must be confessed, a low lot. With their scarred and tattooed bodies and disfigured features, they have a standard of beauty which would cause a London chorus-master to faint with horror.

Fanciful enough to believe that cockchafers are the spirits of the dead, they are not content with ordinary currency. For them stones are money.

No ordinary stones, but lumps of volcanic rock, some as big as cart-wheels to hinder thieves. Brought in frail canoes from another isle, they are valuable because of the perils and sufferings that must be braved during their transportation.

Often the canoes are capsized by squalls or the weight of their cargoes; many lives are lost.

Travel next on your magic carpet to the Nicobars, in the Bay of Bengal. We shall be met on the beach by a dusky gentleman wearing a top hat and a very modest loin cloth, who assures us that he is the friend of Britain and anxious to welcome us.

We shall find that coconuts are money in these isles. We may hear that brawny youths who want a mate can obtain a bride by the cheap method of kidnapping her, though the terrible British Government frowns on the practice.

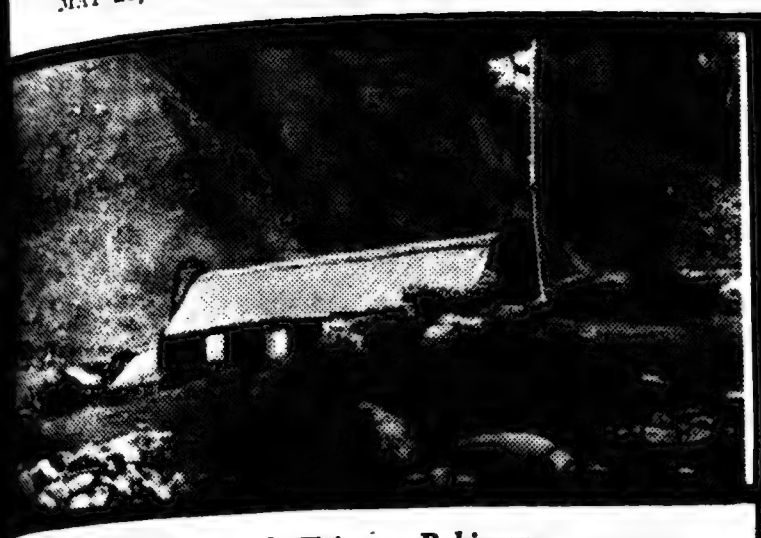
Icy Wastes

If you shrink from the pitiless sun of the tropics, if you are invigorated by cold, then the huge island we strangely call Greenland may tempt you. Life on its seaboard is tolerable, even pleasant.

But the interior is a desert broken by frozen peaks, nine thousand feet above sea level, where only daylight tells that summer has come—a summer in which the air temperature is rarely above freezing point, a summer of blizzards and howling winds—where not a speck of green relieves the icy whiteness.

Contrast this scene with Nature's luxuriance in the Tonga Isles! Purple mists of bougainvillea, giant hibiscus blossoms, flowers of flame everywhere. Lagoons that are really blue. Tiny coral fish dart and dance in the placid water. . . .

Some maps describe these outposts in the Southern Pacific as the Friendly Isles. The name is deserved. The Tongans are a charming.



Lonely Tristan—Robinson Crusoe's island

MANCE

Poems in palms and symphonies in surf; a glimpse of alluring island splendour in the Pacific

unspoiled people who dislike only the Valley of the Flying Foxes and are perennially happy under the reign of Salote Toubou.

A cultured woman, this native queen. Still young. More than six feet tall, with majestic bearing. A forceful ruler who, not disdaining the benefits of the white man's civilisation, drives in a Ford car to open Parliament!

Declining the burdens of white civilisation, she sees that there is no unemployment among her 30,000 subjects.

Nearly two thousand of them dwell on the remote Tin Can Island, whose postman has to swim out from the shore to collect the mail which has been put in a tin can and dropped overboard from a passing ship.

A mere dot on the charts, it is hardly an island. Just a ring of mountain surrounding a big, opal-tinted lake. Once it was the crest of a volcano, a burning mountain which descended 7,000 feet into the sea and whose fires are not yet dead.

Though the land is only a few hundred feet wide, it supports millions of stately coco palms that can be picked without climbing, yams, taro, breadfruit, oranges, pineapples.

There are red roads, brown-thatched cottages, the houses of traders, a clean little "city" with a population of five hundred. And, wonder of wonders, the Governor's residence has a green lawn! Tin Can may be an ugly address, but its compensations are many.

The South Sea Islands? Do not bother about the bigger ones. They are, to tell the truth, overrated by the novelists who have never seen them. But, since the copra trade slumped a few years ago, hundreds of the smaller ones are for sale.

Most are too small to appear on the map; you should be able to buy one for a hundred or a hundred and fifty pounds.

What does it feel like to be king of an island? Ross of Cocos can answer that question. Mr. Sidney Clunigs Ross, copra trader, whose family have owned the Cocos for a century, who has just returned after a six months' holiday in England with his Devonshire-born wife.

"I rule my family of 1,500 Malayans with my walking-stick," Mr. Ross will tell you smilingly. "We have no prison. Sometimes control is a bit difficult, but generally we are a happy family."

His wife, young, shingled, is the only white woman in his domains, where, since it is so near the Equator, it is dark by 6.30 p.m. Each week-end one of the ten European telegraph officials comes to stay at their comfortable home.

Lack of time will compel you to ignore thousands of islands. Enormous ones like New Guinea, where cannibalism is said to be practised in the jungles; small ones like the Virgin Isles in the Leeward group, where eleven British settlers and two children have a gruelling fight for existence.

Weird Gods

But spare an hour for the weird mystery of Easter Island and its huge stone monuments, stone houses a hundred feet long, platforms of stone slabs put together with cement. Those giant faces, grotesquely carved, were the gods of a forgotten race.

Some you may have seen outside the British Museum; others are sixty feet and weigh as much as fifty tons.

For years the learned world wondered how they were dragged miles away from the quarries by a primitive people whose only tools were rough stone axes. Now it is thought that round pebbles were used as rollers, hibiscus plaits as ropes.

Come nearer home. In the Danube you will find Ada Kaleh, whose liege lord is Carol the Blessed—Carol of Rumania.

A mile long, it is crowded with tall houses, minarets and noisy bazaars; redolent with coffee, fried mutton and Oriental herbs.

And Oriental it still is. A man may legally have as many wives as he can provide for; there are no State taxes; the tiny land is famous for its carpets, cigarettes and rahat, a sort of Oriental candy.

Perhaps, though, you would prefer an island to yourself—the sort of retreat you read about in the exciting tales of youth, a haven where freebooters took refuge after dark deeds, or the shipwrecked hero and his girl were cast ashore.

There are such places. Most are uninhabited because they are uninhabitable. But there are scores which, since they have fresh water and food supplies, can be described as self-contained.

Long Key, in the Caribbean, is even better off. It is the "Treasure Island" of Stevenson's famous story; the skull-shaped hollow shown on the pirates' chart really exists.

Booty worth a king's ransom is believed to be buried on Long Key. Booty which the buccaneers hid in rock caches after a profitable expedition, meaning to share it out when their voyages were over.

But often they never came back.

Now only an occasional fishing boat calls for water from the cool spring that splashes down the rocks into the turquoise sea.

Yet, after all, you need not go so far to find a desolate fastness. Look again at the British Isles: think of the example of Mr. Harry Cox, who has bought the islet of Steep Holme in the Bristol Channel.

Modern Crusoe

That, too, was once a lair of pirates. King Harold's wife fled there after the Battle of Hastings. Now it is the home of Mr. Cox and the thousands of wild birds he watches day and night. He pays no rates or taxes, lives in the barracks which Wellington built.

Nor is he entirely out of touch with the outside world that is actually so near. There is the "bottle post," his radio set, an occasional carrier pigeon.

But his fastness cannot be penetrated without his consent. There is only one possible landing-place, a small cove, only one narrow path winding up from it, barred by a stout fence and a big gate.

If the key is turned, his seclusion is inviolate.

Mr. Cox, like a few other solitary island dwellers, is a happy man. Would you be happy in his place?

Jewel Thief Confesses . . (4) *Recorded by* Stanley Bishop

My £10,000 ROBBERIES

The Customs officials are not easy to deceive, and Blanche Finchley sighed with relief when she got safely through

DURING the whole of her career as a jewel thief the most successful "work" which Blanche Finchley carried through was on the Continent.

There is a period of a year in which she collected in Austria and France jewellery worth—according to her figures—no less than £10,000.

It was so valuable that she dared not attempt to sell it abroad. Instead, she preferred to run the risk of keeping that fortune in precious stones with her until the door was open for a bolt back to London.

When she laid the whole of her spoils before her favourite London receiver he was flabbergasted.

He could not believe that a young woman could steal so much single-handed.

The story Blanche Finchley told him was that she made the hauls in Scotland and Liverpool.

Bluntly the man told her that he just did not believe her. "This stuff," he said, "was never gathered in this country."

He pointed out to her the workmanship and setting which proved foreign origin.

He confessed it was the largest consignment of jewellery he had handled in his business and to pay her fair value would mean more money than he had or could possibly raise.

Eventually terms of payment, which satisfied Blanche Finchley, were arranged. The receiver also handed her out advice.

"You have done amazingly well," said he. "How you managed it all without arrest I cannot imagine. Be content now. You have gained a great deal of money. Invest it. Settle down. Give up the game."

And at the time Blanche Finchley meant to do that. She had ideas of buying a house at Ham Common, Surrey, and cutting a dash as a young woman with private means. If she had been sensible then the troubles which later overwhelmed her would not have accumulated.

Restless in England, and fearing the police here because of her previous convictions, Blanche Finchley travelled to Vienna. Using some of her false references, she obtained a post as secretary companion to an elderly titled woman, one of the old nobility of Austria.

For several months they lived together in the woman's apartment in Vienna, mixing in society and meeting a number of influential and wealthy people.

Miss Finchley was treated by her mistress as a member of the the family, and made numerous friends. She became acquainted with a man of position, who fell in love with this attractive, accomplished English girl, and proposed marriage to her.

"What could I do?" asks Blanche Finchley in recounting the romantic episode. "Although I was fond of him I had to refuse his proposal. I was under false colours with a false name; a thief with an English police record.

"Marriage was a way of escape, but I could not risk it. The stories I had given this would-be lover of mine of my life and home in England were entirely fictitious. If I became his wife he was bound to find out the falsity of it all.

"The penalty of my crime was upon me. I had to refuse the honourable proposal of a rich man, whom I believe was truly devoted to me.

"In the course of my life I have received three proposals of marriage. Each was an excellent chance for me—from the worldly point of view. I refused them all. I have this small credit to my account. I have not deceived a man into marriage."

An invitation came to the Austrian countess, and her companion—Blanche Finchley, jewel thief—to stay as guests in a villa in the Austrian Tyrol.

The house, an elaborate establishment of many rooms and a large staff of servants, was near the famous town of the "White Horse Inn," and not far from the villa recently occupied by the Duke of Windsor.

There was a considerable house-party at the villa. The host was a relative of the old, dead Emperor of Austria.

"Before I had been at the villa more than a few days," declares Blanche Finchley in her statement to me, "I realised that a marvellous opportunity presented itself.

"The guests numbered fourteen, including three married women and one widow, all of whom owned exceptionally good jewellery.

"It was a sort of open harvest field, if I was only reasonably careful.

"You must remember, in considering my opportunities, that I was a guest. I mixed with the others, under the wing of my old Countess, as an equal. I was, incidentally, rather the favourite of my host, who liked English people. There was, for me, more or less a free run of the house.

"By discreet conversation I knew where the women kept their jewels, and what was more important, perhaps, how they packed them for travelling.

"Even so, the business was not easy, because I had to guard against any possible suspicion.

"My first haul happened like this: A couple were leaving. I knew the woman carried her jewels in a separate case. I saw the case carried down by the maid and handed over to the chauffeur, who put it with other luggage by the side of his seat.

"The rest of us were all in the house having tea. The chauffeur went away to have his tea also. I walked out casually to the motor-car, carrying on my arm a wrap.

"While the rest of the company was in the lounge of the villa, having tea and saying good-bye, and while the chauffeur was away, I picked up the jewel case, placed it under my wrap, and walked back into the house and to my own room.

"I put the case with the jewels under my bed for the time being; went back to the lounge to mix with the others and say good-bye to the departing couple.

"Away they went in their motor-car, and I was left with my stolen jewel case.

"That night when they stayed at Innsbruck, the loss of the jewel case was discovered. There was no suggestion, however, that the case was stolen at the villa. There had been several stops between the villa and Innsbruck, and the police thought that at one of those places the jewel case was taken.

"I was never suspected and never questioned. I took the jewels from the case, and I threw the case, weighted with stones, into the lake facing the villa.

"What I captured was a disappointment. Many of the jewels were imitation. The value of the whole lot was not more than £200.

"Sitting in my own room at the villa I sorted out the jewels, and realised that I had made rather a muck of things. The value of the property was not worth the risk I ran.

"For a hiding-place of stolen jewels I had the false top of my travelling trunk, and also a travelling cushion into which, through a zip-fastener, I could put a quantity of jewellery."

Disappointment on the first deal, and hope for the future—that was the state of mind of Blanche Finchley when she counted her lot of jewels. She intended to do better on the next occasion.

"Really," she says, "I was rather upset about the proceeds of my villa robbery. I judged the woman who

(*Continued on page 26*)

Teeth beginning to go

... yet still he keeps on

wearing them away

Perhaps, unknowingly, you are doing the same. If you use a dentifrice that is at all abrasive, you're bound to wear away that thin film of enamel which is Nature's only protection against decay. And there *are* pastes and powders so abrasive that Dentists can tell at a glance what you've been using.

There's one way to be sure about your present tooth paste. Compare it with one which dentists recognise as the finest and smoothest of all—Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day (or send the coupon below for a sample tube free). Put them both to the Bite Test. Grind a little between your front teeth. If your present one seems to have the least sign of grittiness, don't take chances any longer.

It is because it is so safe that Dentists recommend Odol.

Odol can be obtained as Tooth Paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouthwash and Odol Denture Powder.

Odol

Free sample tube. *Post this coupon in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp) to Crembux Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Norwich, for a free tube of Odol. (This applies to Gt. Britain & N. Ireland.)*

Name.....

Address.....

.....

You don't have to be very old to know that there's rice pudding *and* rice pudding. It can be pale and unpopular, or brown and creamy and please can I scrape the dish. Rice pudding made with Nestlé's Milk is so much richer, so much nicer, that to get a second helping, with skin, you have to be quick.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

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improves rice pudding beyond belief

LARGE SIZE 7½D ★ 4D SMALL SIZE

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 29.

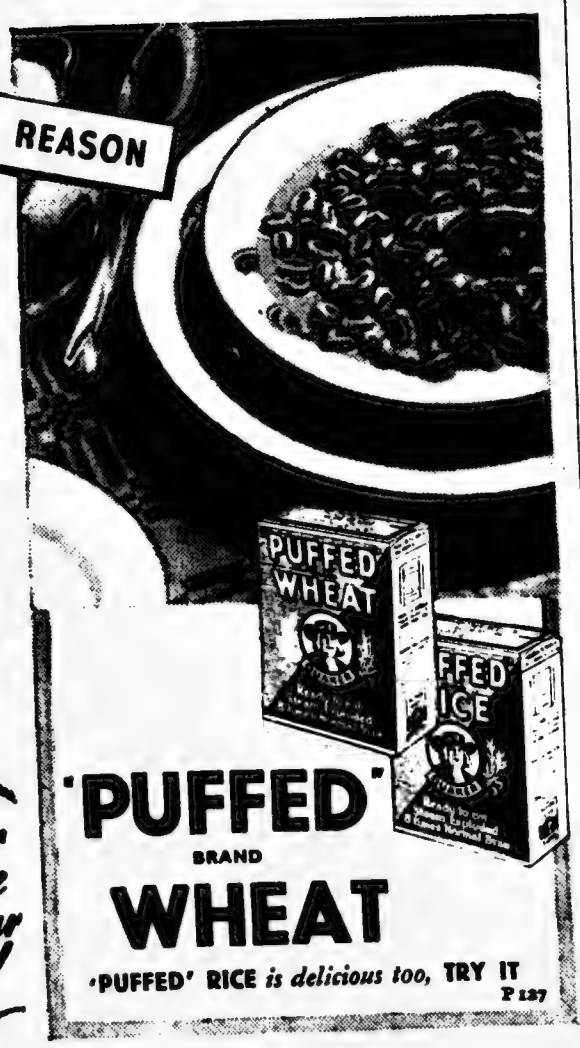
is always full of life!

HERE'S THE REASON

Breakfast wouldn't be breakfast to Shirley Temple without delicious "Puffed" brand Wheat and cream. She simply loves these crisp, crunchy grains of ripe wheat. And this highly nourishing breakfast is just the thing which supplies the tireless energy that keeps her always bubbling over with life and merriment.

Your children too will love tasty, tempting "Puffed" brand Wheat. And *you* will appreciate all the energising benefit of ripe wheat that it will give *you*.

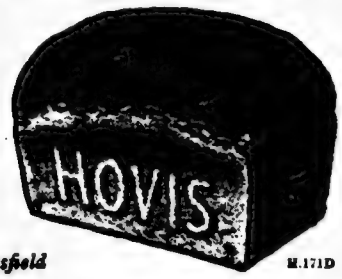
What's good for Shirley Temple is good for your children too!



Had your
HOVIS
to-day?

You always feel more active and energetic when you have HOVIS

There is STRENGTH in every SLICE



Macclesfield M.171D

NO COMPLAINTS WITH—

a job for a bob!

Maisone 'Minor' (the 1/- size) will 'do out' a small room or big cupboard. A 7-lb. tin finishes (2 coats) a 12'x9' room. Just thin with cold water and it's ready to use. Maisone has unusual hiding power — goes over old wallpaper (if 'tight'), covers in two coats, resists mildew. Washable and won't rub off. Wonderful colours

OIL-BOUND WASHABLE
MAISONE
WATER PAINT for WALLS

Decorators use it. Dealers sell it.
'Minor' 1/-, 4-lb tin 2/3, 7-lb tin 3/9
These prices do not apply in the I.F.S.

FREE Fascinating book of modern colour schemes—how to choose the right colours for each room—and painted specimens of all Maisone colours, sent free on receipt of postcard with your name and address. Lewis Berger & Sons Ltd. Dept. G3, Homerton, London, E9

BERGER PAINTS

Continuing—Jewel Thief Confesses

BLUFFING *through the* CUSTOMS

Mingling with the wealthy visitors in the lovely Tyrol, Miss "Raffles" made surprising hauls

owned the jewels from her talk, and she was a braggart. She led me to suppose from her talk that her jewellery was worth much more than it actually was. I was in fact 'led up the garden.' I would not have touched her stuff had I known."

With an expert jewel thief there is resentment at deception. The idea that a woman owner of jewellery should deceive with her jewels is regarded as a breach of confidence. It makes the thief all the more daring and determined.

The psychology of a woman like Blanche Finchley is exceptionally interesting. She becomes indignant over matters of small morality. She feels a grievance if someone deludes her as to the value of property.

XXX

A lie told to *her* is rather dreadful. Whereas a lie told *by her* is just an instrument of her occupation. One cannot analyse these abnormal people. They have a code of conduct which applies only to their own prison-learned rules.

We are at the luxurious villa on the lakeside at Wolfgang. One robbery has been carried out successfully. Blanche Finchley was waiting for her second effort.

While the house-party is by the side of the lake for afternoon amusement, she pleads a sick headache and returns to the villa. There she searches through the suite of the widow of a French banker.

"I searched through her rooms," says Blanche Finchley, "to find where she kept her jewels and her money. Eventually I found them under the carpet at the corner beneath her bed.

"The jewels were wrapped in a wash-leather folder. I was startled when I saw them all. There was in addition about 30,000 francs in French notes.

XXX

"It was a great temptation. I held the jewels and the money in my hand. But I took nothing. There was no opportunity for me to effect the robbery safely. I put the money and jewels back. It nearly broke my heart. But it would have been incredibly foolish to have taken them.

"My afternoon had not been misspent, however, for I knew exactly what the widow owned. Useful information for reference."

A man and his wife were leaving the villa by motor-car for Biarritz. The woman had a wonderful amount of jewellery. She displayed it each night at the house-party, and in conversation confided in Blanche Finchley how she usually hid her valuables on journeys. They were placed in her husband's riding boots, which were packed in an ordinary "hold-all," and stowed away in the other luggage.

"That, I find," said the woman, "is the best hiding-place of any. Nobody would think of looking in riding boots for jewellery."

Just before the departure of the couple, when their luggage was packed and awaiting transfer to their car, Blanche Finchley, as a member of the house-party, went to her room.

The pile of luggage was in the corridor. She worked with the speed of experience, daring chance discovery.

Quite an easy matter to open the hold-all. The lock on the strap was opened with a hairpin. In less time than it takes to write, she took all the jewellery from one of the boots.

"I took all the stuff," she says. "Two long strings of beautiful pearls; an emerald brooch; several diamond rings; one diamond bangle; a priceless diamond buckle and a platinum and diamond watch with a coronet inset.

"With the jewellery on me, dropped down the front of my blouse, I went back to the party to say farewell to the departing guests. Their luggage was piled on their car. They left.

XXX

"That night we had a message from the hotel where they stayed that the jewellery was missing. The police came to the villa, but they were very perfunctory in their enquiries.

"Actually my luck held. A manservant from the villa was missing. He was the hall-boy—the servant who in foreign establishments sweeps the stairs and cleans the boots. The police said he must have stolen the jewels, and the hue and cry was after him.

"I found out later that he had run away with a girl from the village. He was caught, but the police could never put anything on him, although I am afraid he had a bad time.

"There was I with the proceeds of two robberies, and no suspicion. If I had planned things they could not have happened better."

In due course the rich widow, with the jewels, returns to Paris. Following the house-party there is a period when Blanche Finchley and her employer are in Vienna. Then they, too, go to Paris.

"Really," says Blanche, speaking honestly, "things fell into my lap. We were staying at a fashionable Paris hotel, and naturally were in touch with the widow, the friend of our Austrian summer holiday.

"We were invited to a reception she arranged. We were at her apartment early and she showed us the new gowns she had bought in Paris.

"She dressed herself for the reception. She went to the safe in her bedroom, took the jewels she wanted from it, and placed the key of the safe in a pot of powder by the side of her dressing table.

"Reviewing all the circumstances it seems incredible I should have been trusted in these ways. *But I was.*

"At the reception the house was filled. There was a band and dancing. I took an opportunity of slipping away up to the bedroom of our hostess. I had the key and safe open.

"I did not trouble about using gloves or leaving finger prints. I just worked quickly. I took everything—eight diamond rings, three diamond brooches, a diamond head-dress, a pearl necklace and three bracelets.

"Once again I put them inside my dress. I do not suppose I was away from the main apartment more than five minutes—the ordinary time a woman might take in going to the cloakroom.

"I waited on without fear until my countess thought it was time to go. I knew there was no likelihood of my theft being discovered before night. I was no more open to suspicion than any of the other seventy guests.

XXX

"That same evening I told my employer I must return to London in the morning. I said I had received a letter saying my sister was seriously ill. I did receive a letter from England fortunately, but it had nothing to do with my sister.

"Next morning I left by the early train viâ Boulogne. I bought the French morning newspapers to see if they contained any account of the robbery. There was nothing. I felt safe once more.

"At Folkestone I went through the Customs with the proceeds of three jewel robberies hidden in my travelling cushion and in the false top of my trunk.

"I declared two dresses bought in Paris and a silk night-gown, and the rest of my belongings were not questioned.

"More than £10,000 worth of jewels were in my possession, and I went through the Customs like an ordinary tourist.

"The same morning I was in the office of my receiver. That afternoon I had £5,000 in cash on account of a year's work."

Get Yours!

Last week JOHN BULL invited its readers to accept its greatest-ever Presentation—a magnificent Canteen of Cutlery containing 47 beautiful Sheffield-made pieces.

To its readers who have not yet sent in the Reservation Forms which were published last week, JOHN BULL says, *DO IT NOW*. The very last day for receipt of these Forms is *Tuesday next, June 1.*

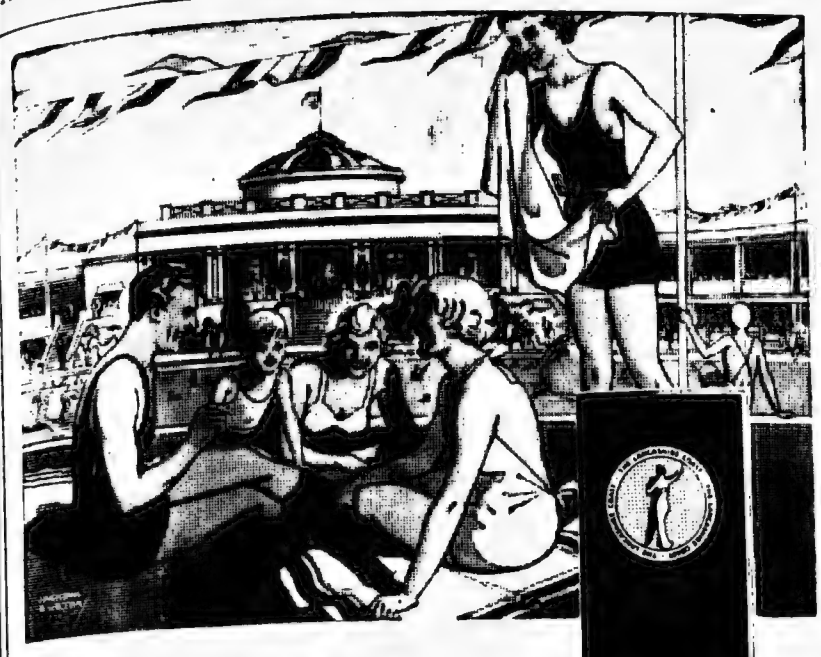
Look up the Reservation Forms in last week's issue of JOHN BULL and post them *at once.*

Next Week:

My Jail Years and their Lesson

On cold mutton days—when the family have seen the leg before—there may be grumbles at meal times. But with Pan Yan in the cupboard you'll never get caught out! Cold meat and Pan Yan would make anyone's mouth water. Pan Yan's specially blended to stimulate digestive action, too,—so it helps you get more nourishment from your food. Whatever there is for supper, put some Pan Yan on the table. Then everyone will want a good innings!

PAN YAN FOR YOUR GOOD M...



Enjoy this Holiday Freedom!

Lancashire Coast air is renowned—WORLD renowned—for it bestows abounding health and vitality. It disperses dull care and fills you with the joy of living.

That's why high spirits prevail on the Lancashire Coast. Its gaiety and carefree laughter are infectious. And whichever resort you choose (Morecambe, Blackpool, Southport, Lytham St. Annes, Fleetwood or one of the quieter, smaller places) you'll be thrilled with the endless variety of its outdoor and indoor recreations. Make it the Lancashire Coast this year and be sure of a joyous holiday.

LMS Monthly Return tickets are only 1d. a mile third class (1½d. a mile first class) and LMS Express trains will take you in speed and comfort. And here's another valuable LMS facility. You can buy at any Lancashire Coast Station a 10/- Contract ticket. With it you can go to new places every day for a week along this merry seaboard and into lovely Lakeland too.

This illustrated folder "The Lancashire Coast," the "Holiday Contract Ticket" folder and "Cheap Fares" booklet can be obtained free from any LMS Station or office.

★ *Don't forget your 10/- Holiday Contract Ticket when you get to the Lancashire Coast.*

Buy a copy of "HOLIDAYS BY LMS" price 6d. at any LMS station or office, or from any bookstall or bookseller. Fully illustrated and containing hotel, boarding-house and apartment addresses.

LANCASHIRE COAST

Go by L M S

LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH RAILWAY

Provide for your future comfort and independence.
Turn to page 18 and fill in the coupon for particulars.

DO YOUR
FALSE TEETH
SLIP and CLICK?

Avoid the embarrassment of loose and slipping plates by lightly sprinkling them with Dr. Wernet's Powder. It renders the suction perfect so that teeth will not slip or click when you are talking and eating. An unfailing safeguard against embarrassment. Forms a comfort-cushion which relieves pressure and prevents sore gums. Makes teeth feel natural so that you can talk naturally and chew perfectly. Quite harmless and cannot upset the stomach. A scientific triumph. Try it to-day. Of Chemists everywhere.

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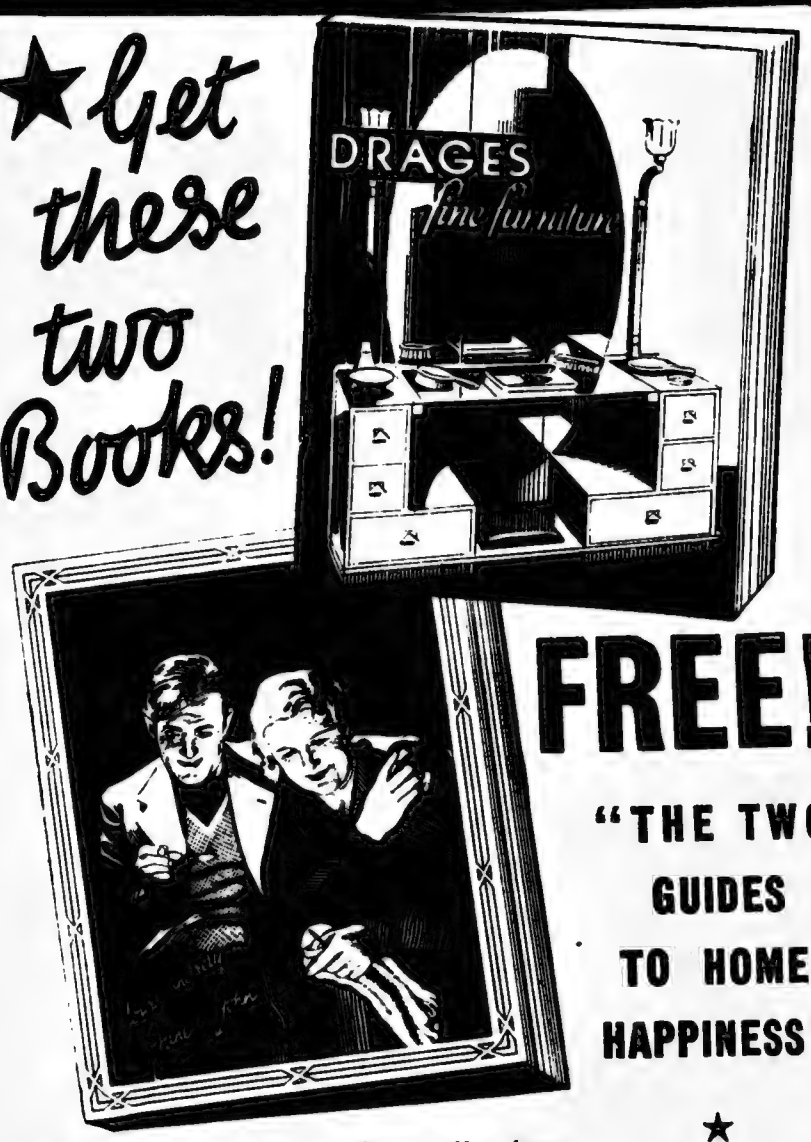
Get immediate relief from tired, aching, burning feet or weak arches by wearing Dr. Scholl's Arch Binder. Prevents spreading of the arch bones and holds the bones in position. Relieves strain of weakened arches caused by standing or walking, and takes the strain off the sore muscles. Invisible; very comfortable to wear. From all Chemists and Dr. Scholl's Depots. 2/6 pair

Dr Scholl's ARCH BINDER

DRAGES
Fine Furniture

★ Get these two Books!



FREE!

"THE TWO GUIDES TO HOME HAPPINESS"

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THE FAMOUS 50 PAY-WAY TERMS

mean 50 months to pay (*more than 4 years*) and no deposit for approved accounts. So that a monthly payment of 20/- buys £50 worth of furniture—other amounts, large or small, in proportion. And a Free Fire and Life Policy, issued by the Eagle Star and British Dominions Insurance Co. Ltd., with Drages written Protection in case of illness or unemployment, are given to every customer.

To all interested in furnishing, Drages offer these two books which have helped to establish many thousands of happy homes. One book deals with the *human* side of Drages service, its fairness and friendliness, its understanding of the problems which face every home lover, its generous consideration in times of illness and misfortune. It is written by Jane and John—typical representatives of our old customers. Their story is fully illustrated and forms a veritable guide to Home Happiness. The other book deals with the *practical* side of Drages service and illustrates and describes a few specimens of Drages Fine Furniture. Direct photographs of a number of typical groups are reproduced in this booklet—Bedroom, Dining-room and Drawing-room furniture from which you can furnish on 50 Pay-Way terms. You may order by POST from the booklet with complete confidence, for every illustration is an actual photograph, which permits of no exaggeration.

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"Gives a lovely finish" SAYS JESSIE MATTHEWS

Alluring in its delicate fragrance, Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream will give to your complexion a natural bloom and loveliness. You use it like a face cream and it gives an utterly new effect, a delicate matt complexion of adorable freshness. Used by over 50 British & Hollywood Film Stars

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Potter & Moore's Blush Cream is the ideal cream rouge for use with the powder-cream. In glass containers. Sixpence everywhere.

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RHEUMATISM GET RID OF IT.

"After the second day I began to feel the benefit, stiffness going and my general feeling greatly improved. I feel no stiffness or any sign of rheumatism since taking the Urace brand tablets." Miss ——, Chelsea. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33st, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

Why be GREY? HINDES HAIR TINT

Touch up occasionally with HINDES HAIR TINT of the correct shade. There is nothing to compare with this famous old preparation for preserving and restoring natural colour and lustre to faded hair. Four shades — Light Brown, Brown, Dark Brown, Black. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers, 2/6 per bottle.

FREE SAMPLE Send 2d. for postage and state shade required to HINDES Ltd., 5 St. Queen St., Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

CORNS SUCH A RELIEF

Put on an Elastoplast Corn Ring. The unique elastic fabric adhesive strap is f-l-e-x-i-b-l-e. The corn-softening cap is held gently in position over the corn. After three days an ordinary corn will lift out easily. 6d. per tin of 4 rings, FROM ALL CHEMISTS.

Elastoplast CORN RINGS

FREE. Booklet on Elastoplast First Aid Products. Write to Dept. (J.B.5), T. J. Smith & Nephew, Ltd., Hopetree St., Hull.

Flowers have changed since his young days; but they still appeal

New Blooms for OLD

THE earliest industry known to man was agriculture. The most popular hobby among modern men is gardening. And the city merchant, the village schoolmaster, the postman and the East London coster are gardeners under their skins.

There is a kinship, born of the smell of freshly turned damp earth and love of growing things, which unites all in a common bond. In horticulture the man in humble circumstances is often able to score over his wealthier brother.

You will meet this "brotherhood of the garden" in full force at the Chelsea Flower Show—the most exclusive flower show in the world.

Side by side with the massive exhibits provided by firms of nurserymen, whose names are household words, are the exhibits of private owners. But although it is the ambition of every member of the Royal Horticultural Society to win a prize at the show, an even greater ambition, shared by every horticulturist, is to receive an award for a new variety of fruit or flower.

Actually, a bloom which is a definite improvement on an existing variety is hard to produce. Years of patient work so often end in disappointment.

The verdict, given by the "Floral Committee" experts, may be "not distinct enough . . . not sufficient improvement upon similar existing varieties."

Chance plays its part in the garden as elsewhere, and one never knows when success may be just around the corner. It is possible for a man to buy a packet of ordinary cheap seeds and produce a novelty; but now that the standard is so high the majority of results have to be worked for.

It was largely chance that produced "Crofton Gold," a rich golden yellow single chrysanthemum, with four rows of broad florets, slightly incurved at the tips. This plant gained the R.H.S. award last November, which means that it is now established as a new variety.

The lucky owner, a business man, lives at Orpington and comes to work every day in South London. He prefers that his name shall not be mentioned, but here is his story.

"'Crofton Gold' first appeared about two years ago. It was a sport (accidental variation from type) from the parent plant 'Red Lincoln.' We thought from the first that we had a winner, and so carefully proceeded to propagate from cuttings. You must get a number of plants before attempting to show a new variety.

"It soon became apparent that 'Crofton Gold' would be a commercial proposition, not only because of its exceptionally decorative appearance, but owing to its four rows of petals.

"When single blooms are used as cut flowers, it is a drawback to find that they wither so quickly, but in this case, when one row of petals fall, there is another row to take its place.

"Recently, from the reddish maroon Wilcox, there was a bronze 'sport,' a fine bloom, but useless because a similar chrysanthemum is already on the market.

"Luck may come our way again soon, or it may be years before we gain another award."

Undoubtedly the marquees which draw the largest crowds at the Chelsea Show are those filled with orchids. Their marvellous colouring, graceful shapes and the rarity of many varieties all add to their attraction as a box-office draw.

The finest collection of orchids in England is owned by Sir Jeremiah Colman; he always makes a point of visiting Chelsea and may be seen chatting to every other orchid grower who has anything to say.

Orchids were once considered to be solely the rich man's flower, but after the war, when the price fell very considerably, this was changed. Those varieties requiring great heat are expensive to maintain, but some of the loveliest blooms can be grown in cool greenhouses and are well within the reach of the orchid lover of modest means.

Mr. E. Kenneth Wilson, of Wimbledon, has produced a new Cattleya, "Porcea," which has just received the R.H.S. award. It has a brilliant purple flower, except for a yellowish area in the throat of the labellum.

"I bought the plant with some others when it was quite small," Mr. Wilson declares. "It takes from five to seven years to perfect a bloom like this, but we do not mind that; orchid lovers are not worried by time."

Mr. Wilson agrees with others that the upkeep of orchids need not be costly, nor must they necessarily be grown in the country. More and more orchids are being grown in London and the outskirts of other great cities.

There is a stationmaster at Guildford, Surrey, who won an award for a new delphinium. Throughout his service with the railway company gardening had been his hobby. He was both persevering and lucky. Since his retirement from railway work he has become a professional nurseryman.

Delphiniums bring us to another exceptionally able horticulturist who has only his spare time to devote to his hobby, Mr. H. M. Clark, of Bromley. Unfortunately his double delphinium received no award last year, but he is going to try again.

He had better luck with a Michaelmas daisy. From a seedling of "Climax" he has evolved a flower which is of a more metallic blue than any existing variety. Now he is working patiently on the improvement of an annual chrysanthemum of a similar type to the King Edward daisy.

Mr. Clark admits that it means hard work to combine horticulture and a butcher's business. But he smiles at the reminder that it was a butcher who first produced the world's most famous apple—Cox's Orange Pippin.

For all those who have been successful at the Royal Horticultural Society's shows there are many exhibitors at local shows who still look forward to Chelsea as their goal. There is always the element of luck which may get them there any year.

There is the classic story of the Rev. Mr. Wilks, who found growing on a waste patch of ground at Shirley, Surrey, a poppy with a white edge. All gardeners know how afterwards he devoted years of patient work to perfecting and eliminating certain points—the result, the world-famous Shirley poppy.

The East End of London must be a difficult spot for cultivating flowers, yet window-boxes and gardens are produced which would put to shame many a country show.

Mr. E. Rice, of Whitehall Street, Stepney, is proud of a tulip with three blooms on one stem. His friends feel it is only a freak—but time will prove. Anyway, he has grown a variegated antirrhinum, two distinct colours on one stem.

The Bethnal Green Garden Society has won many prizes at its summer shows. For two years it has gained the Ryder prize for the finest cut flowers (annuals).

This society holds meetings every week and arranges visits for its members to the Royal Horticultural Society's trial gardens at Wisley.

There they can see the new varieties being tried out, and they determine anew to try again—always with the Chelsea Show in mind as their ultimate goal.

Lord Aberconway, the President of the Royal Horticultural Society, has said: "In the case of some other hobbies, as a man grows older he becomes less proficient, and this takes much from his pleasure. In gardening, the longer a man lives the more expert he becomes. Which is probably the secret of the whole thing.

Our Big Presentation

Next week-end, June 5, JOHN BULL celebrates its 31st birthday.

JOHN BULL is always anxious for its readers to share in any big events in its life, and has planned a thrilling Birthday Presentation for its readers.

Full details will be announced next week.

You'll enjoy using Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

Send for a 7-day free sample tube to Dept. 67/100, Euthymol, 50, Beak St., London, W.1.

1/3 OF ALL CHEMISTS

With apologies to the WESTERN BROTHERS

'Play the game you cads! . . .

They must be

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HEELS

WARNING! Look for the name. Every PHILLIPS guaranteed Heel bears the name PHILLIPS. We invite you to send us the name and address of any Shopman failing to fit PHILLIPS Heels, after you had ordered them, and we will arrange for your shoes to be fitted with PHILLIPS guaranteed Heels. Phillips' Patents Ltd., Dept. JB., Western Ave., Acton, W.3.

Made to Measure

21/-

AMBROSE WILSON'S BARGAIN Offer to Matrons

You must try on this delightful Two-Piece Spring Outfit.

SEE ONE ON APPROVAL

2/- DEPOSIT (Plus 6d. Postage) **SECURES**

Deposit refunded if not delighted.

NOTHING MORE TO PAY FOR A MONTH.

Then, if preferred, pay balance by small monthly instalment of 3/6. There is **NO EXTRA CHARGE** for easy payment terms.

The frock, in *uncrushable* printed crepe, is cut on modern, slenderising lines with long sleeves and a becoming neckline finished with tuboti and contrasting detachable vest. The art silk marocain coat with its flattering collar and cascade lapels will be so useful to wear over all your summer frocks.

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Colours are **BROWN, NAVY, BLACK, WINE.**
SIZES: HIPS 40-56 ins. LENGTHS: 44-50 ins.

Also length 52" Price 23/6. 4/- deposit, 4/- monthly

NOTE.—*A short delay in delivery while being made.*

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"WHICH IS IT TO BE?"

***asks* OLD HETHERS**

"Some folk still insist on what I call my home-made barley water—made as I make it for myself from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley. Others seem to prefer my Lemon Barley Water ready-made from the bottle—it's specially useful for the picnic party or the camping week-end. And now I've had to cater for those who prefer lime to lemon—and I'm surprised to find how many they are. It doesn't matter to me in the least which kind you prefer so long as you insist on the right foundation—and that of course is the pure fine-ground flour of Robinson's 'Patent' Barley.

Robinson's Barley Water is now available in a choice of two flavours—Lemon or Lime. The price is 1/9d. for a bottle which makes about 21 glasses. You can also make Old Hethers' barley water from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley supplied in tins at 7½d. and 1/3d.

Keen, Robinson & Co. Ltd., Carrow Works, Norwich.

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Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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FRUIT CLEAR GUMS *are hard*

FRUIT PASTILLES *are medium*

And if you like soft confectionery try 'JUICY-FRUITS' in packets or loose 6d. ½lb.

2D TUBE

Also in packets 3D & 6D

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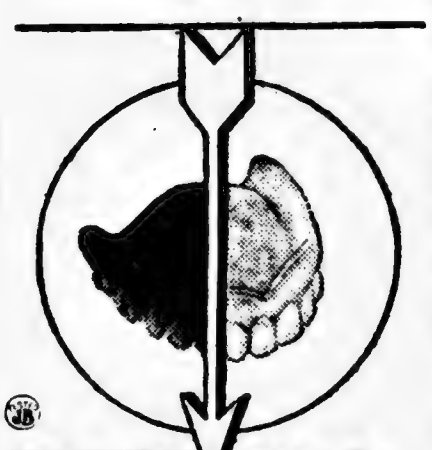

WHICH HALF IS YOUR DENTAL PLATE?

No matter how badly stained your dental plate is, 'Steradent' is guaranteed to clean it and restore its natural flesh-pink colour. Thereafter, 'Steradent' prevents your denture from ever becoming discoloured again. Here is a typical letter from a delighted user, Mr. H. R—, of Bristol.

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STERADENT
CLEANS & STERILISES FALSE TEETH

● *Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and retelling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 155,831, H. Grant, "Waverley," Cadogan Road, Cromer, Norfolk.*

Host to Bandits

"I saw by the blood on their faces that they were injured."

I SHALL always remember the night the two strangers came to the cottage where I was staying as being one of the finest I have ever seen. The full moon was swimming in a cloudless sky, there was a warm breeze and the country-side was lit up just like day-time.

The cottage where I was staying was situated in a lonely spot about a quarter of a mile from the main London road. It stood half-way down a narrow lane that led to the village, and the nearest residence was a quarter of a mile away.

At the time of my adventure I was alone in the house, my friends being away in London for a few days. Not being used to the country, I was often very bored after dark, for there was absolutely nothing to do but read. At the time the men came I was re-reading a book of ghost stories.

I had been reading, I suppose, for about two hours, when I was suddenly startled by a violent hammering on the front door. The time was about half-past eleven. Feeling nervous, I hesitated before going to the door. Who it could possibly be I didn't know.

First I peeped out of the window to see who was there. As I did so I got a shock. For swaying on the front step were two men with black trilby hats pulled over their eyes. One of them was supporting the other. It looked to me as if they were drunk.

But when I answered the door I saw by the blood on their faces that they were injured.

"We've had an accident," one of them said. "Can we come in for a while and clean ourselves up a bit? My friend here is in a pretty bad way."

After I had helped to lay the man on the sofa, I asked his friend what had happened.

"That's our business," he snapped. "Your business is to get some hot water—have you got any antiseptic here?"

The man's uncouth manner perturbed me. Considering that they were accepting my hospitality you would think that they would have been at least civil.

"I've got some peroxide of hydrogen," I replied tersely.

"That's fine," he commented. "Get it here quick."

When I returned later with hot water and clean rag, the man, who had meanwhile taken his friend's collar and tie off, was in the act of examining the other's heart.

I noticed now that the patient's breathing was laboured and that he had lapsed into unconsciousness.

When at length the blood was washed from his face, ugly cuts were revealed. Seeing these gave me the impression that they had been caused by broken glass, probably as the result of a car smash.

As time passed I became more and more apprehensive of the injured man's condition, for it looked to me as if he were dying.

"I really think a doctor should see him," I suggested when the man had finished bathing the wounds.

Looking up at me angrily he said that if there was any thinking to be done he would do it.

"But he'll probably die," I insisted.

"No, he won't. He's only fainted because of exhaustion."

With that he proceeded to bathe his own wounds. When he had finished he looked over at the window. Then, to my astonishment, he jumped as if he had seen a ghost.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed, running over and drawing the curtains together. "Why the devil do you keep these open?"

Rattled by his insolence, I said: "Excuse me, but who do you think you are? You come here to seek my help, which I've been only too pleased to give, and instead of appreciating it you treat me as if I were your servant. In the circumstances I shall be glad, when your friend recovers, if you would kindly leave this house."

This seemed to amuse him. Coming quite close to me and smiling impudently into my face he said: "Listen; I shall leave here when I think fit, not before."

What I could do for the best I didn't know. To fight the man, who was twice my size and weight, would have been silly. What worried me most, though, was their identity.

It was plain by the nervousness he had shown when the curtains were aside that he was in fear of being seen. The natural inference, therefore, was that they were involved in something illegal.

The man on the sofa did not show any signs of recovering until nearly four o'clock in the morning.

When I saw him move his head I went over to him. His face was now rapidly recovering its natural colouring, and judging from the way he twisted his mouth it was plain that he was trying to say something. After a few minutes he opened his eyes.

"Where am I?" he mumbled, looking dazedly around the room.

"It's all right, Steve," his friend told him. Then, looking at me, "You can go to bed now."

This new addition of impudence was the limit.

"And what do you propose to do?" I asked.

"Don't bother your head about us—we'll be O.K." he replied.

"Don't you think your friend will be well enough to go soon?" I added.

"Get this straight," he growled, glaring at me menacingly. "We'll go in our own time."

What could I do about it? Had there been anybody else in the house I might have stood a chance of ejecting them, but I was alone. Fortunately, however, there was nothing of value in the house, so I didn't have the fear that they would rob the place on my mind.

It was broad daylight before I fell off to sleep.

When I woke up the sun was streaming in at my bedroom window, and birds were chirruping in the ivy that covered the top part of the cottage.

I concluded as I dressed that the men were either asleep or had left. On the way downstairs I heard a car draw up outside the house. This turned out to be a police-car.

The officer in charge asked me if I would mind his coming in for a minutes, as he had something to s

"Is it about two men?" I asked.

"That's right," he said. "We looking for two men who might injured."

This conversation took place in passage. Putting my finger to my I indicated that the men might sti in the kitchen, for I did not yet k what had happened to them.

Whispering to the men behind that they had better surround the p he withdrew his truncheon from trousers pocket.

"All right," he said in a low v "let me go first."

With truncheon in hand he ki open the kitchen door. A rapid su of the room, however, told him th was empty.

On the table we found a note scribbled on the blank press column which had been from a newspaper. Wrapped in this a pound note.

"Thanks a million for your help," note read. "This quid is for trouble."

When I had satisfied the police I was, and had related exactly what happened, I was told that the were motor bandits who were wanted a jewel robbery in London. The n before they had been chased by Flying Squad cars.

Evading these after a thrilling ch the bandits had collided with a l some two miles from the lane whe lived. When the lorry driver c back to see how they were, he fo that they had decamped.

"I'll take this note," the officer as he rose to go. "It might yie clue."

Oddly enough it was the means their being arrested. A search of hotels in the district resulted in t being found. They were discovered asleep in bed. Handwriting in the h register was the same as that in note of appreciation to me.

An Anxious Mother

"Some time ago my fifteen-year daughter began to suffer from anæmia. I became very anxious about her," st Mrs. G. Marshall, of Shaw Mills, Rip Nr. Harrogate. "She grew pale and and weighed very little. She had freq headaches and often suffered from att of sickness. She was miserably depre and very irritable at times. She seeme have no energy at all.

"I decided to give her a course of Williams pink pills and there was soon a improvement. The headaches ceased, her eyes, which had been an unhea yellow, cleared and brightened. Now, a taking Dr. Williams pink pills for two mon her health is splendid. The colour returned to her cheeks, her figure has proved, and she is bright and cheerf

The reason for the remarkable suc of Dr. Williams brand pink pills in treatment of anæmia is quite simple. this: these pills create new, rich bloo abundance, and new blood is the only t that can possibly banish anæmia. Try these pills now; 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams.

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'BETTER BUY
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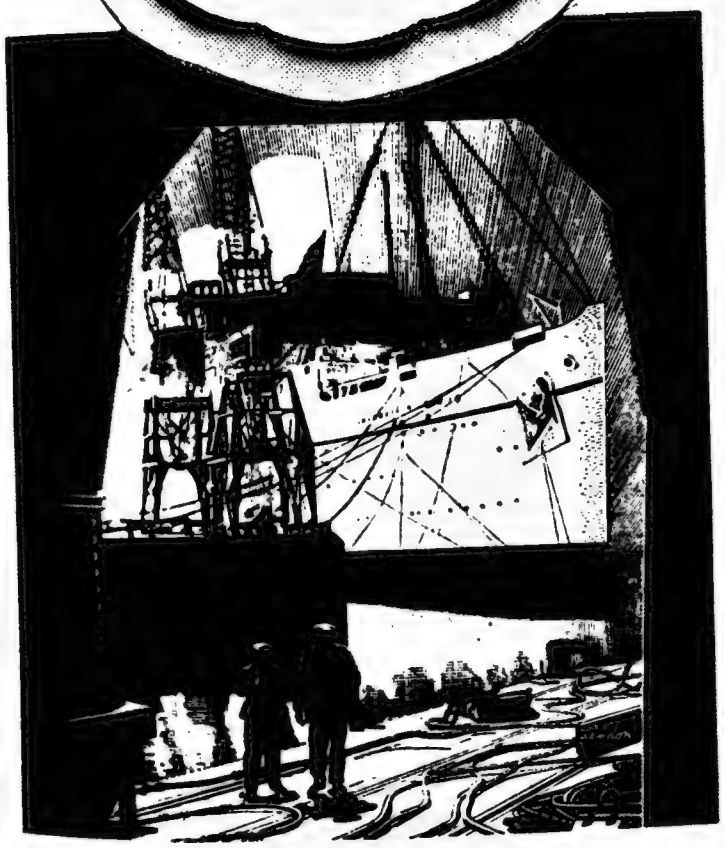
they're blended better



A LONG HOUR to wait in the docks. Having nothing to do, you are watching these men. By chance, you happen to hear one say "... and the skipper himself, says they're blended better!" Then, later, in Southampton, you find yourself taking the hint. 'Funny you'd never tried these excellent cigarettes before ... And so it goes on ... and on ... We supply the cigarettes smokers demand.

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"ODDS ON"
COCKTAIL
per 3/6 bot.

Shorter hours for MOTHER

Why rack your brain for a change of menu? Why toil in the kitchen when such a delicious meal as Kellogg's Rice Krispies is ready with the mere opening of the packet?

Fully cooked—all you have to do is add cold milk or cream. And how the children love it! When you pour on the milk those merry bubbles of rice are so crisp they actually say "Snap—crackle—pop!"

Let the kiddies have all they want—for breakfast, lunch or at bedtime—for Rice Krispies are digested so easily little tummies are never overtaxed. Serve them to the rest of the family as well—everybody likes Rice Krispies. You are sure of crispness. Sold by your grocer. 7½d per packet.

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So Crisp They Crackle in Cream 623

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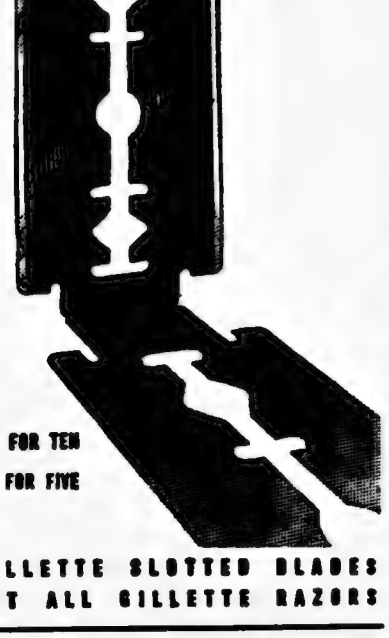

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Thrill-Makers in UNIFORM

FEW spectacular events of the year stir the imagination more than the Royal Tournament at Olympia, which is always a triumph of breath-taking horsemanship and general skill and efficiency.

A quarter of a million men, women and children will thrill in the space of a fortnight at the sight of "K" Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery, thirty-six horses in six teams hauling ten tons of guns and limbers at a gallop into an arena measuring a hundred yards by thirty.

They will hold their breath whilst gun-crews from Portsmouth, Chatham and Plymouth swing guns and limbers over walls and across a thirty-foot chasm, while despatch riders of the Royal Corps of Signals court disaster in hair-raising acrobatics on powerful motor-cycles.

But how many know the story behind the unity of purpose, the common bond, the welding of individual enterprise with good team work that makes this wonderful show possible?

Only one man can tell, and he is Brigadier-General Sir Charles King, for forty-five years the power behind the scenes of this exhibition of skill and pageantry.

For the 2,000 officers and men from the Navy, Army and Air Force who contribute to the Royal Tournament the event means a month or two of hard work and strenuous training; but for Brigadier-General King it is a full-time job.

He it is who unites the batch of recruits from the Royal Air Force depot at Uxbridge with the lads from the Duke of York's School at Dover, and the Royal Marines from Deal and the 16th/5th Lancers from Hounslow in the effort that produces the yearly miracle.

So when, hard upon the heels of the rope-climbing display by the lads from the *Ganges*, *Impregnable* and *St. Vincent*, a Life Guards sergeant charges down upon a dummy with revolver, lance and sword in competition with a 4th Hussar, it is tribute to three unseen organisers behind the scenes.

Brigadier-General Sir Charles King prefers to keep out of the public eye, but we can tell you that he acted as Director of Supplies when the "Old Contemptibles" went to France in 1914.

Now, assisted by his son, Captain C. W. King, he runs the annual Tournament.

Third of the trio behind the scenes is Major Sinfield, whose job it is to arrange accommodation for soldiers, sailors, marines and airmen on the spot, to say nothing of stabling for 300 horses.

Mechanisation has not yet ousted the horse. Indeed, he is in greater strength than ever. Not only in the picturesque musical ride by the Lancers, with pennons "crimped" in memory of the Battle of Aliwal, but also in individual exhibitions, tent-pegging and jumping gigantic fences in competition with the British champions home victorious from the United States.

In addition to the fast and furious musical drive at hell-for-leather gallop by six teams of the Royal Horse Artillery, there is the display of vaulting and trick-riding given by "C" Battery from Newport, in Monmouthshire.

How many will know that while "K" Battery crosses and recrosses at a tearing gallop that tiny arena, missing death by inches, the "chain loop," the "grid incline," the death-defying "scissors"—a full reserve team of six horses and a limber wait at the door lest disaster should occur?

During the weeks since last January the drivers and gunners of "K" Battery have been in training, learning every move, every twist and every turn. Months of hard training for them; a few moments' thrill for the spectators!

The drill movements are precisely the same as those employed on a field of battle, but in Olympia the nightmare of each "lead driver" is lest a horse should get his leg over a dangling trace when turning on a pivot point about the size of a half-crown!

Many tales, some amusing, are told of past Tournaments.

There was the plight of the right-hand man of a company from a famous regiment in one recent year who found himself before the Royal box without a bayonet to "fix."

It was his duty to set the time, and he waited for the word of command in a state of terror. Fortunately for him—*and* for the display—his oversight had been spotted.

The officer in charge gave a short, sharp word of command, and the right-hand man had changed places with his neighbour.

The situation was saved!

This is typical of the way in which the mishaps that inevitably happen are always met. "Carry on" is the rule.

So the public at large knows little of the careful preparation, the intensive organisation, the attention to detail that make a Tournament the faultless display it ever is.

Once a "cavalier," in the midst of an historical recitation of drill in Elizabethan times, forgot the proper word of command!

He managed to improvise a substitute, and such was the discipline and comradeship that no hitch occurred.

This year the Honourable Artillery Company is giving for its "turn" a field day belonging to a hundred years ago.

Weapons, uniforms, words of command and drill have changed a lot since time of King William IV, but more fitting than that this novel dis should be carried out by the senior ment of the British Army?

Many weeks of hard work, month careful planning, go to the organisin the annual festival and display of ness and skill-at-arms that result in Tournament.

Airmen, away from battle-planes, show just a course of physical exer can do. The gymnasts, the Army School at Alder under Captain James, reveal their of living and enthusiasm.

Youths from naval training estab ments climb ropes as the po monkeys did in Nelson's day.

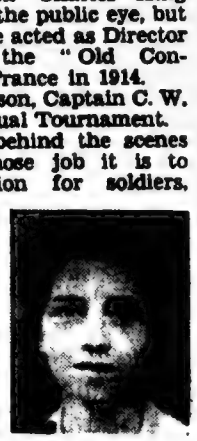
Some men may spend many year the Service without an opportunit display their prowess and skill Olympia.

For the choice of the organiser can upon but a few of the thousand u that make up the Royal Navy, the R Marines, the British Army and the R Air Force.

But those selected are truly repres tive.

Trained to the highest pitch of efficiency. Months of hard work precede the polished performance at Olympia

The Greatest of These



Jean

JEAN, aged fourteen, has had to be mother to her sisters, and has had the care of the household on her young shoulders since she was ten years old.

Her father, a crippled ex-Service man, with no pension, has not been able to work for seven years, and has to be wheeled about in a chair.

Jean's mother is bedridden, suffering from rheumatism and nervous debility. "My eldest boy, aged sixteen, is working for 10s. a week," she explains, "and I receive 30s. from the P.A.C. I am sorry to say I am in arrears with the rent, which is 12s. 6d. week, and I am in debt for food and clothing."

So Jean, who must often be hungry, has to take care of her parents, who, their doctor states, "are both chronic invalids and unable to walk about owing to paralysed limbs," and attend to the wants of her brother and the sisters.

Their doctor, who speaks well of the family, considers that they haven't sufficient to keep them in comfort.

This is a pitiful case, and Jean's unconscious heroism is enough to touch anyone's heart. Donations earmarked "Jean," or for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Poisons in the Blood

caused by weak kidney acti

Backache, rheumatic pains and bla weakness cause acute distress, espec during the night-time. What with scalding urine, pains across the smal the back or dizzy attacks, kidney tro destroys both peace and comfort. D makes matters worse—just so long as kidneys fail to filter the blood prop you cannot hope to be well. Stimu your kidneys to renewed activity Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. This special Kidney tonic has achieved g success throughout the world. "Tha to Doans Pills all my kidney troubles h vanished." "I wish I had used them earli "I know now that much of my rheuma was needless," are eloquent tributes to success of Doans Pills in relieving urin disorders, backache, rheumatism, lumb sciatica, renal dropsy and gravel.

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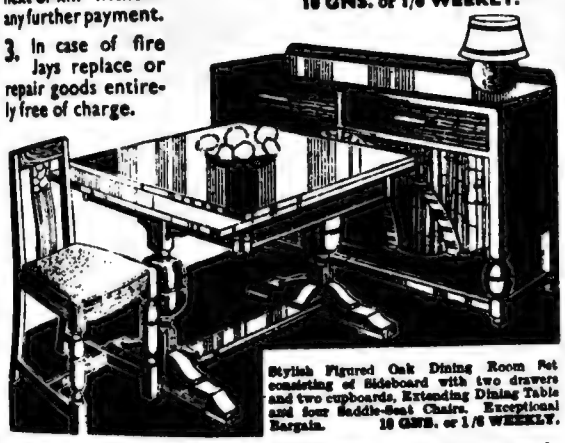

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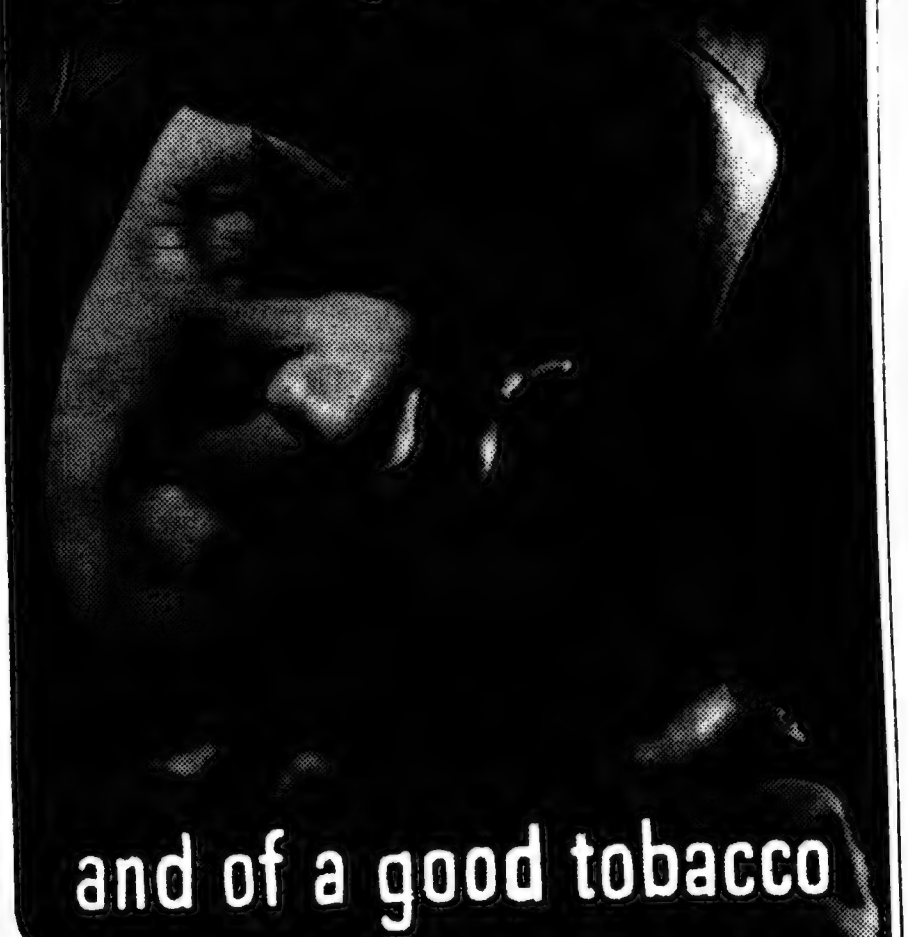

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Turn to p. 39 and fill in the Coupon!
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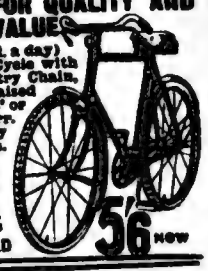

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In tubes everywhere 4½d., 6d. and 9d.
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BRING BACK NATURAL WHITENESS TO YOUR TEETH

Dentists throughout the world recommend KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM because of its ability to remove unsightly stain and tartar, cleaning and whitening the teeth without harmful bleaching action or unnecessary abrasion. Kolynos actually kills harmful germs in a few seconds and keeps teeth and mouth thoroughly clean and healthy.

Use KOLYNOS twice daily. Your mouth will feel and remain clean and fresh. Your teeth will glisten and sparkle. KOLYNOS is highly concentrated and half-an-inch is enough. It is best used on a *dry brush*. Try it. Get a tube of KOLYNOS to-day.

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To end Constipation—Take De Witt's Brand Little Laxative Pills. Price 1/3.

Human Documents by Philip Inman

There is nothing more painful in life than rifts between children and parents

Ashamed of their PARENTS

LIFE can be very difficult for the parents of children who are growing up. All sorts of problems arise. To what extent should their friendships be controlled? Should they be given an education beyond their station in life?

Is it right to give advantages to the "brainy" child which cannot be given to the rest? I believe a great many of my readers will find these problems of interest to them. Here is one mother who says:—

I have five children, three girls and two boys, and the eldest is a girl of nineteen. This girl has become friendly with a boy of twenty-seven who, although he is a decent boy, doesn't believe in going to chapel on Sundays. He says we can worship God just the same in the open countryside.

We are all in the habit of going to chapel regularly, and the two eldest girls are teachers in the Sunday School. Since this girl has known her boy friend she has stopped going to evening service and has now sent in her resignation as a teacher. I feel this is a prelude to Sunday hikes during the summer. I have remonstrated with her, but she says I am narrow-minded and that she is modern and as good a Christian as anybody.

My husband, although he attends himself, does not believe in making the children attend chapel. What can I do? I should be so grateful for your advice.

I think I can understand what this woman is feeling. It is a bitter experience for a mother to think that her teaching and example count for so little and that one who has hitherto been a stranger can so easily overrule the home influence.

But hurt though my correspondent may be, I think it would be a grave mistake to force that girl to attend chapel. What would be the result? It would probably lead to family strife and the losing of the influence she still has over her daughter.

Even if she carried her point, it would be a grudging submission—and that, I am sure, is not what my correspondent desires. But I don't think this mother need become despondent. She has done her best to bring her children up in the right way, to instil into them good and sound principles.

◆ I am sure that that influence will never be lost. I advise her not to argue or even discuss the matter any more. Her girl already knows what she feels about things and there is no need for further words.

Let that mother show by her own life what faith and religion really mean. Let that girl realise that the example set by her parents is well worth following. It is more than likely that she will not only return of her own accord but also persuade her boy to go with her.

There is nothing more painful in life than when children become ashamed of their own parents. My next correspondent is passing through that experience:—

My husband has always had a very steady job, but has never earned a large wage. By being economical, however, we have been able to educate our two elder children, but as they have climbed the social ladder we have been thrust farther into the background until now they do not hide the fact that they are ashamed of us and take care that we never meet their friends.

Financially they have never made us the slightest return for our outlay (though they are now in a position to do so), yet all our money was spent on their education. Now we are confronted with the fact that our youngest child, who is exceptionally clever, is clamouring for a college education.

This would mean that my husband would have to use the last of his savings and probably work to the end of his life, and we are wondering if this child will also despise us once she is fully fledged. Yet to deny her because the other two have disappointed us scarcely seems playing the game.

Is a parent expected to risk his all, maybe only to be rewarded with the scorn and contempt of his children? My husband has left the decision with me.

I have always contended that having children is one of the biggest gambles in life. When they turn out well, then parenthood has its reward. In this case, my correspondent and her husband are smarting through the selfishness and snobbishness of their own offspring. I can understand that they feel chary about educating their youngest child above her station in life.

But a good deal depends upon the character and disposition of the girl herself. Does my correspondent feel that she is likely to follow the example of the others?

Or has she seen how ungrateful they are, and profited accordingly? In any case, it is a risk, but as the elder children had their chance, I think this girl should have hers too, especially as I am told she is "exceptionally clever." I would advise that those two elder children should be spoken to very frankly. "By dint of very great sacrifice," they should be told, "we gave you a splendid education. It is only right that your sister should have the same opportunity, and we think it your duty that you should help us so that we can help her." A straight talk on those lines may have some good effect. But if not, then I am sure those parents would be very unhappy if they did not give the youngest child her chance.

Contentment will come to this mother and her husband in the knowledge that they have done their best for their family, even though it seems to have been unappreciated.

It is always a hard task when a widow is left with young children to bring up and to educate. My next correspondent is in that position:—

◆ Is the matriculation certificate the all-important passport to acquiring employment? I am wondering whether it is worth while to let my daughter continue at the County School another year to sit for this examination. I have spoken to the headmistress, who says my girl is a conscientious worker and that she would in all probability pass the test. If I let her remain at school another year it will be at a further sacrifice, as I have been a widow for ten years and have one other child, a boy of fourteen, to consider.

Both children have won their way to secondary education by scholarship, and I want to give them all the encouragement I can, but after reading in JOHN BULL about a young man who had passed his examinations with honours and even then had failed to get worthwhile employment, I am worried as to whether it would be better to let my daughter leave school this year and find work.

A similar problem may, of course, arise regarding my son, and I shall greatly appreciate your advice, as I don't want to do anything which I may regret.

Let me deal with the q tion raised by my corres dent. "Is the matricula certificate," she asks, "the important passport to acqui employment?" It is not. T are tens of thousands of occupying important posit who have never passed examination.

But that certificate is a very valu asset to possess. It is the gatewa the medical and scholastic profess It is useful in other careers, such dispensing, veterinary work and—so as some general hospitals are concer —nursing. I think this woman w be well advised, even though it me additional sacrifice, to let her daug sit for it.

◆ The girl has already sh ability in obtaining a scholar for secondary schooling. the headmistress, who is best judge of her chances, says is a hard worker and would in probability pass the examination. would be a pity, now that she is far along the road, to deprive her the opportunity. It may be of gr assistance to her in her future life.

Now a word to this mother about boy. The problem in his case has yet arisen, and I think she might de a decision for the time being.

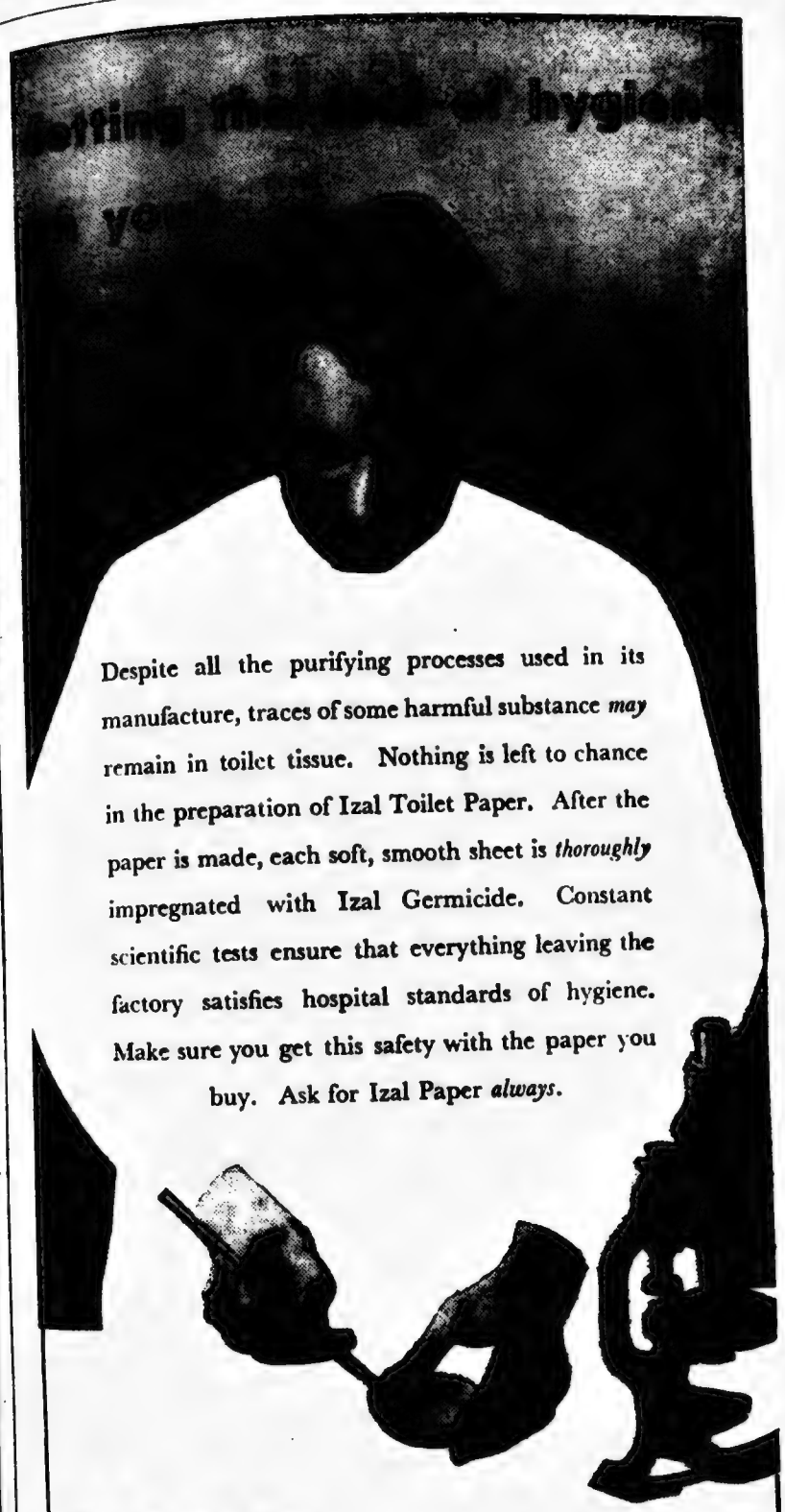
It may well be that by that time daughter will be working, and in t way her burden will be lightened. next year or two will also show if lad is cut out for higher education whether he will be able to turn it good account.

Send your private problem to "Humani at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclo stamped envelope. Letters sent to Inman at any other address cannot dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for letter quoted.

How a chemist Ended Indigestion after 10 years' tortur

As experience like this chemist's has to be to be believed. After ten years trying every rem for Indigestion he tried "Rennies" as only to it in his own words—a forlorn hope. I little did think that he would obtain lasting relief. "I am a chemist with 25 years' experience," he reads, "for the last ten years I have been a great suff from Indigestion. I think I have tried every rem on the market. As a forlorn hope I was pers Rennie, and soon felt relief. Moreover I was pleas to find the relief was lasting. I found I could eat I had hitherto avoided for fear of ill after-effects." F. L., Chemist, Bournemouth.

Digestif Rennie Pastilles get to the root-cause indigestion in a way that has never been done bef They contain 15 ingredients which combine to you of stomach gas, to remove poisonous toxins, increase the circulation of the blood to the stomac and to help digest your food. Take two Rennie after meals and you may eat what you like. individually wrapped in waxed paper, they look sweets . . . and you suck them like sweets. Dig Rennie (Brand) Pastilles are obtainable at any chemist's. Trial size 6d. Family size 1s. 9d.



Despite all the purifying processes used in its manufacture, traces of some harmful substance *may* remain in toilet tissue. Nothing is left to chance in the preparation of Izal Toilet Paper. After the paper is made, each soft, smooth sheet is *thoroughly* impregnated with Izal Germicide. Constant scientific tests ensure that everything leaving the factory satisfies hospital standards of hygiene. Make sure you get this safety with the paper you buy. Ask for Izal Paper *always*.

IZAL *antiseptic*

TOILET PAPER

6D. *In rolls or packets fitting standard holders*

NEWTON CHAMBERS & CO. LTD. : THORNCLIFFE : SHEFFIELD

Thank 'Tobacco' we've got a Navy!

Did you know that every puff at your pipe helps to purchase another porthole—and that each dip in the pouch means another dab of paint on the davits? That's because we smokers contributed about 70 million pounds in revenue to the nation's bank balance last year—which is just about the cost of running the British Navy!

No brand of Empire Mixture makes a bigger contribution than *Afrikander* Mixture. There's a reason. More men *smoke* Afrikander Mixture. Again, there's a reason. Afrikander has got everything a pipe-smoker asks: the fragrance of freshness, a full-bodied, satisfying flavour, the *long-lasting* coolness of a London policeman—and, best of all, it's *dependable* as the Navy itself. Launch yourself on the joy-smoke for 8d. an ounce.

AFRIKANDER

it saves and satisfies

8D AN OZ

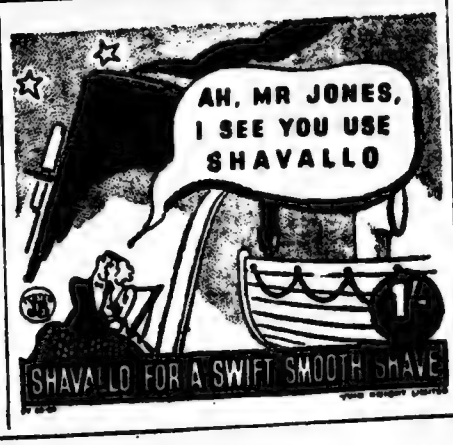
MIXTURE. FLAKE OR SHAG

STEAD *Razor Blades*

THEY LAST FOR WEEKS

7 FOR 6D

IN A WEEKLY WALLET



FREE OFFER to all INDIGESTION SUFFERERS

★ Be rid of all digestive troubles by sending for Generous FREE Supply of CICFA offered on the Back Cover. Simply send a postcard (1d. stamp) with your name and address, mention "John Bull" and post to The Cicfa Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B. 48A, King George's Avenue, Watford, and a free supply of Cicfa will come by return. Act at once!

GRAVES No. 1 CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 19, 21, 23in. Racing Hubs, quick release Wing Nuts, Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain, Lauterwasser rust. Handlebars, Dunlop Endrick Rims, Racing Pedals, Calliper Rear Brake, Middlemore's Racing Pattern Saddle, 'Hold-all' Bag, Reflector. Accessories. Ladies' or Men's same price £4.18.0 or 6/6 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. Catalogues Free. Full range of Models

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

64 NOW

DOCTORS ENDORSE LIQUID LAXATIVE.

Your doctor will tell you that because a liquid fruit laxative has a uniform action, it is the most natural and effective medicine in the world for a constipated child. He knows that synthetic chemical laxatives however temptingly disguised make the bowels act by irritating the sensitive lining.

In 'California Syrup of Figs" you have the health-giving, blood purifying value of fruit in safe liquid form. Its natural action spreads gently throughout the system, relieving the bowels surely yet safely.

Children love 'California Syrup of Figs.' It establishes a healthy, regular habit and cleanses the system of all undigested, fermenting food, all pent-up bile and noxious waste matter. It purifies the blood by removing those fever breeding poisons which cause pimples, rashes and other disfiguring skin eruptions. It sharpens appetite and strengthens digestion so that pale, thin kiddies soon begin to grow plump and rosy cheeked.

Many mothers have adopted the plan of a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' once a week. It keeps the child regular, happy and well. Being in liquid form the weekly dose can be adjusted to suit the child's system exactly. Doctors and nurses recommend 'California Syrup of Figs,' 1/3 and 2/6 of all chemists, with full directions. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

GOOD NEWS FOR ALL WHO SUFFER FROM PILES

3/- per bottle. Post Free.

BAN-ILE banishes piles! As soon as you take it this marvellous liquid medicine begins its healing work. BAN-ILE soothes irritation, stops pain, reduces inflammation, brings ease and health. One bottle works wonders. Two will effect complete healing. Doctors prescribe BAN-ILE.

BAN-ILE LABORATORIES, 95a, Derby Rd., Ipswich

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Send to the "Big Two"

1/- 2/- 2/6 5/- 10/- 20/- £2, £5, £10 UP TO ANY AMOUNT

All Postage Paid

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NO LIMIT WIN OR PLACE

Please send particulars of your Sportsman's Complete Service. I am over 21 years of age.

Name

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J.B. 29/5/37

Town County

THE BIG TWO

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& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD

227 BATH ST. GLASGOW, C.2

OUR READERS WRITE ABOUT . .

Foreign Foods—Fallacies—Cats—Civil Servants Trailers—Tea

FOR the purposes of a business enquiry, I have just had to obtain some official information which reveals recent reorganisation of Civil Service staffs.

I observe the significant and alarming fact that the personnel required to deal with the importation of foreign food into this country has lately been increased by 25 per cent.—HAROLD W. BOWEN, Friern Road, E. Dulwich, S.E.22.

Explanation is that, compared with two years ago, Britain's food imports are rising at the rate of £55,000,000 per annum. Worse still, very little of the increase comes from the Dominions and Colonies.

Lost Property

WHEN alighting from a tramcar the other day, I left behind an attaché-case.

I discovered my loss immediately, and followed and overtook the car at the next stopping place.

But the conductor refused to hand over my property, stating that I would have to claim it at the Lost Property Office next day and pay the usual fee for recovery.—D. KAVANAGH, Wyresdale Road, Aintree, Liverpool.

Common complaint. But the conductor would lose his job if he happened to hand over an article to a false claimant.

Feline Loot

WE have a cat. Nothing unusual. But Teddy is.

A few days ago my husband saw him pawing something on top of a wardrobe. When he went to investigate, he found a hoard of studs, tapers and all kinds of small trinkets and other articles which had mysteriously disappeared in recent months.

But the best items in pussy's collection were two ten-shilling notes, the loss of which had puzzled us for weeks.—MRS. A. GRAHAM, Lawrence Street, Dundee.

A Bolton reader reports finding a store of 62 boxes of matches which had been appropriated by her cat.

Race With "Silver Ring"

A Shiner!

JEDDAH—100 to 1—and Aboyeur, a winner at the same rate, seem to stand out from the past, as I look at the probables for next week's Derby.

We may not have another 100 to 1 chance, but the contest is one of the most open of the present century.

In the belief that Mid-Day Sun has made abnormal improvement, the Kingsclere colt stands as the JOHN BULL selection, with Pascal as the danger.

Mid-Day Sun's mark in the Free Handicap was only 7 st. 1 lb., but little notice need be taken of this.

Pay Up, last year's favourite, was given 8 st. 1 lb. and Taj Akbar was allotted 7 st. 11 lb.

Spion Kop, winner of the Blue Riband in 1920, ran six times as a juvenile without raising a flag.

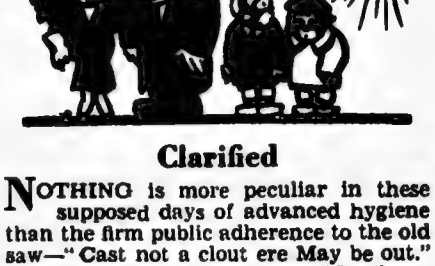
Windsor this week-end may supply the Epsom expenses. I suggest Cameron Lad and Mr. Cupid for their respective engagements.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, May 27, to Wednesday, June 2.

K X U Z R 98 96 G E D V B N H J T S O Y 97 L W F 94 M P Q C I 93 95 A

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: 93NPTR94X would read HIDALGO. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted: KTE2U would read SAMMY.



Clarified

NOTHING is more peculiar in these supposed days of advanced hygiene than the firm public adherence to the old saw—"Cast not a clout ere May be out."

Vast numbers of people stifle themselves and injure their health—and that of their children—by continuing to wear winter garments until early June.—J. G. MILLER, Commercial Street, Leith.

It is fallacy to accept the word "May" in the adage as referring to the month. It means May-bloom—hawthorn blossom.

Coronation Echo

THERE is no more rigid rule of the Church than that women must not enter a place of worship without wearing head covering.

Yet, at the Coronation, the Queen, the Princesses and all the peeresses were uncovered until after the crowning ceremony, when they put on their coronets.

And Christ rebuked the money-changers for buying and selling in the Temple. Yet a bag of money was handed over during the Coronation ceremony in the Abbey in exchange for the Sword of State.—DORIS CAREY, Manor Road, Hastings.

No fewer than twenty readers call attention to these points.

Comparisons

FOR some years statistics have been available showing the average amount which police court magistrates grant for the maintenance of children under paternity and similar orders.

It is 9s. 9d. per week.

Yet the justices who make these orders are mostly members also of the local authorities which control the payment of public assistance to the families of the unemployed.

As such, they decide that 3s. per week is the utmost needed for the maintenance of any child.—E. BARKER, Water Lane, York.

And Whitehall estimates the cost of maintaining a child in a public institution at 30 - per week.

Intimidation

A NEW method has been adopted by the occupier of a jerry-built house in this district to "persuade" the builder to put it in repair.

A large fissure appeared on the outer wall of the dwelling, but the builder completely ignored every demand to make good the damage.

So the occupier erected a large sign outside the house bearing the words: "This property was built by Messrs. ——."

A squad of workmen appeared next day.—H. LANCASTER, Winchester Street, Acton, W.3.

A dangerous remedy. Legal opinion is that, in many cases, such action would amount to libel.

Gretna Lore

IT now seems beyond doubt that Gretna Green is doomed as a place of romance.

It is not generally known that many famous people have been married at the anvil there. A record in my possession shows the names of Lord Eldon, Lord Erskine, Lord Brougham, Lord Lyndhurst, and a future Archbishop of Canterbury, Manvers Sutton, who was father of a Speaker of the House of Commons.—M. J. ANDERSON, Alice Street, Paisley.

But most famous of all was Edward Wakefield, the pioneer Empire builder who ran off with and married two heiresses at Gretna.

Roads Menace

STRANGELY, the Minister of Transport is taking no countenance of the large increase in the number of trailers on the roads, attached to private cars and commercial vehicles.

In overtaking or meeting such combinations, the ordinary driver has reason to suspect that they are other than single vehicles. Sudden encounter with the extra length frequently lands one in awkward and dangerous situations.—S. T. CLARK, Brooklands Road, Sale, Cheshire.

On the Continent vehicles with trailers are required to carry distinguishing signs and lights, fore and aft.

Truth in Advertising

TO the sign of a tradesman in the town has just been added the words, "Established since the Flood."

This kind of exaggerated, boastful advertising, it might be thought, would defeat its purpose.

Not so. Crowds are drawn to the shop by curiosity—and they enter it, too.—ABBOTT, Hopwood Street, Hull.

Strictly correct. The shop must have been opened since the Flood.

You Pay

PRICES of common tea have been advanced threepence per pound and the increase has not yet stopped.

There has been no public explanation at all of this rise, but inside knowledge allows me to give the reason.

It is that the International Tea Committee, a body which works with remarkable secrecy, has ordained that for the next twelve months the exports of tea from India, Ceylon and Dutch East Indies shall be only 88½ per cent. of the normal output.

It is the best illustration possible of organised waste and the creation of artificial shortage.—T. B. DEARIE, Shawhill Road, Shawlands, Glasgow.

In consequence, the price of the cheapest tea is likely soon to rise beyond the scandalous level of 2 - per pound.

● *We invite readers to write to us about any subject of public interest, keeping us in touch with the world as they see it.*

Letters should be as brief, forceful and topical as may be.

Half-a-guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Bag," should be addressed to "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

New Treatment For SCIATICA

There is little doubt nowadays that the best way to tackle Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatism, etc., is from within. You can't wash out Uric Acid, you must *rinse* it out.

Fynnon Salt is the ideal internal rinse. A spoonful stirred in tepid water makes a pleasant non-fizzy saline, laden with Sodium, Potassium, Lithium and other curative elements that gently rinse the system of the clogging deposits formed by Uric Acid. It is these deposits that set up those agonising twinges of pain, that excruciating pain that rack the body and sear the soul. They'll never go until you have spring-cleaned the system with Fynnon Salt for a few successive mornings. There's nothing drastic about Fynnon Salt, nothing harsh or harmful. Its effect is similar to Mineral Spa water with this important advantage, that a spoonful of Fynnon Salt in a glassful of water is equal in medicinal value to three glasses of Spa Water. Try Fynnon Salt for your Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatism, etc., 1/3 a tin from all chemists.

JOURNEYED 3000 MILES FOR OPERATION ...but MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS PUT HIM RIGHT

Read this amazing tribute to **MOORLAND** *Indigestion Tablets*

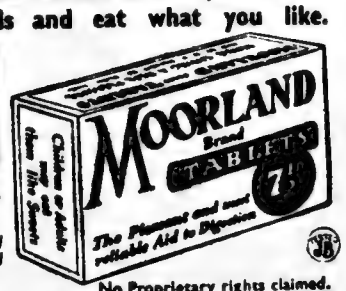
"I have been using your Moorland Brand Tablets for the last two or three months, in fact, ever since I have been in England. My mother has also found them of great help to her. In fact, she has tried every known remedy for indigestion but has found nothing to equal your tablets.

I might mention I have been in the United States for the past twenty-six years, and, during the past three years, I have suffered terribly from stomach pains. I had treatments from doctors there, also had X-rays taken, and to make a long story short came to England to be operated on, but am pleased to say after taking your Moorland Brand Tablets I have not had a pain or ache since, and no operation."— G.R., Norfolk.

Moorland Tablets contain 15 ingredients, all necessary to relieve indigestion at once and gradually remove its cause. These ingredients are essential in everyday diet. Many present-day factory-produced foods are deprived of their natural salts, while the valuable salts of calcium in vegetables are boiled away. Moorland Tablets contain calcium and other essentials to good health. Moorland Tablets bring the system back to good health—appetite returns, over-acidity disappears.

Take two MOORLAND Tablets after meals and eat what you like.

MOORLAND BRAND **INDIGESTION TABLETS**



At all Chemists: **7½d.** in cardboard cartons (50 tablets) **1/3** flat pocket tins (110 tablets)

FREE *Send 1½d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing for pocket (or handbag) sample tin and Diet Chart to:*

W. B. CARTWRIGHT, LTD. (Dept. J. B.), Rawdon, LEEDS

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GRACIE FIELDS CABLED FROM HOLLYWOOD

ABLEGRAMS. TELEX LONDON WALL 3760 3 LINES

Cablegram

+IN HOLLYWOOD THE STARS KNOW THERE S NOTHING LIKE CYCLING FOR SAFE SLIMMING. = I KEEP FIT AND SLIM ON A HERCULES = THE FINEST BICYCLE ANY GIRL CAN OWN GRACIE FIELDS++

"Gracie Fields is right — Hercules is the sweetest-running cycle on the road" says MR. DEEDS, *the Cycle Dealer.*

Ask your dealer for the Golden Catalogue.

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Hercules

THE FINEST CYCLE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD

THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO., LIMITED, BRITANNIA WORKS, ASTON, BIRMINGHAM

94C

Are you only half-cleaning your lavatory?

ONLY HALF-CLEAN. No amount of unpleasant brush-work can ever reach round the hidden bend in the pipe. Not disinfected or deodorised.

COMPLETELY CLEAN. Harpic sweeps right round the bend in the pipe — cleans completely. Disinfects thoroughly. Deodorises, too.

HARPIC
Cleans Completely! Disinfects! Deodorises!

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD, HULL AND LONDON

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Every Lady should write today for **GRAVES DISPLAY** of up-to-date Fashions illustrating the latest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at money-saving prices. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

SUTTON This fashionable three-quarter length Costume is produced in a reliable quality cloth in a broken check weave effect, with a semi-fitting 4-button double-breasted Coat, fancy machine-stitched back, gathered sleeve heads, and lined throughout to tone in plain Art. Silk Twill. The Skirt has neat pleats at either side & is fitted with self-material waistband. Shades: Fawn, Green, Blue, Brown, Navy. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. Busts: 32 to 36in. Skirt Lengths: 32 to 36in. **35/11**

Terms: 4/6 Monthly.

WRITE for PATTERNS

Send today for range of Patterns Post Free. Newest Models, Coats, Costumes, Underwear, Frocks, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with a self measurement form and particulars, will be sent per return post.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

4/6 Monthly

LIVER, KIDNEY & STOMACH TROUBLES

quickly relieved by Vitadatio!

If you are suffering agonising days and sleepless nights, in the most excruciating pain, what can be more encouraging to you than to read of the marvellous recovery of Mr. Moore, Rupert Road, Roby, Liverpool, who writes:— "One of the worst victims of Stomach trouble for 5 years. I have been X-rayed 15 times. I suffered agony, could not sleep. I tried most medicines without success, but Vitadatio is a really wonderful remedy. Before, I could not eat—food was a dread. Now I can eat and sleep. Life is worth living."

Vitadatio succeeds when all else fails. It will give you New Health, New Life and Happiness. Get a bottle to-day. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 3/- & 5/- per bottle, or per post (6d. extra in U.K.) from VITADATIO (DEPT.) ARMLEY, LEEDS.

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

Housewives! Get a copy of this Wonderful New Cookery Book —it's FREE!

A Free Booklet containing a selection of recipes from a bigger cookery book will be sent free to readers who write mentioning "John Bull" to Dept. J.12, Homepride Mills, Birkenhead. See p. 14.

Doctor's Amazing Discovery

Wrinkles come because as we grow older the skin loses certain vital elements. Feed back these precious elements and the skin becomes fresh and young again. This is the amazing discovery of Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna. His extract from the hearts of deep skin cells of young animals, called 'Biocel,' is now contained in Crème Tokalon rose colour. Apply it every night. It will nourish and rejuvenate your skin while you sleep. Wrinkles quickly disappear. In a week you look 10 years younger. Use Tokalon Skinfood white colour during the day. It dissolves away blackheads; tightens enlarged pores. Makes darkest roughest skin soft white and smooth in a few days. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.

KEATING'S KILLS

ANTS
MOTHS
BEETLES
FLEAS *etc.* — *even bugs*

● For over half a century KEATINGS POWDER has proved the best and safest insecticide for the home, for poultry, dogs and all pets. Invaluable when sprinkled in furs, clothes, bedding, etc., as a preventative against moth. *Kills Green Fly.*
— But it must be KEATINGS

Cartels 2d., 6d., 1/. Powder Flasks 1/-

The Editor Laughs Last

"Mr. Rigby, here, will show you how; he had the job before you."
—From "The Passing Show"

GEORGE (Morden).—"Which is our quickest-growing vegetable?" The runner bean, surely.

TOM (Southend).—"I know a seaside photographer who takes none but red-haired girls." Ginger snaps, eh?

N. R. (Braintree).—"We started off with soup, fish and chicken, and what do you think came after the cheese?" Mice.

D. N. (Hull).—"An ex-policeman has become a furniture remover." So it is no change for him to keep moving people.

D. D. (Loughborough).—"What will follow the television of a marriage service?" Reception.

S. D. (Margate).—"The dental surgeon quickly reduced the swelling in my face." He got to the root of the trouble.

MARGERY (Ealing).—"Because I refused his offer of marriage, he got a job in a distant town." So you sent him packing.

JOHN K. (Thame).—"I thought that it was time to get rid of my assistant when I found him tying a clock to the chimney-stack." High time!

C. O. (Aldershot).—"I shall only be happy when I have climbed the Matterhorn, as I hope to do this year." It is the height of your ambition.

★ Miss T. (Darlington).—"What is the first sign of affluence in a doctor?" When he is able to tell a patient there is nothing wrong with her.

G. H. (Hertford).—"I can usually get rid of a bad headache by talking continuously." You give it to somebody else, you mean.

OUTBOARD (Bristol).—"I anticipate that I shall do well with my new speedboat this year." You will certainly make a splash.

LONDONER (S.W.6).—"I once found a nest in which were two eggs, and what do you think was lying beside one of them?" The other.

N. J. H. (Rotherham).—"I found the plumber calmly looking on, though the kitchen was deep in water." Things were going swimmingly!

T. G. (Poole).—"I think a lot of my success at cards is due to the design on the back of those I play with." Surely it is what is on the front that counts?

BOXER (Whitechapel).—"I learnt all I knew by travelling with a booth, taking on all comers." Your knowledge was knocked into you.

D. N. (Wantage).—"Sparrows have nested in our corridor." Birds of passage.

MRS. J. W. (Epsom).—"I never allow my cook to touch any food when she has a cold." That's hard on the cook.

MRS. T. (Maida Vale).—"I prefer to pick my own women friends?" To pieces?

DIETICIAN (Reading).—"What is the best thing to have on top of milk?" Cream.

C. N. (Putney).—"I ran my car all last week without an accident." But wasn't that an accident?

A. C. T. (Epsom).—"I know seven brothers who are in the same cricket team." Runs in the family.

W. T. (Ely).—"Where are the cleverest confidence tricksters found?" The cleverest are not found.

J. W. (Willesden).—"She lifted her face for me to kiss." Wouldn't you kiss her before she had it lifted?

A. R. (Chepstow).—"The tailor told me a wonderful story about the quality of the cloth he wanted me to have." Was it a good yarn?

★ S. S. (Hereford).—"My wife told me not to worry about making my will, as she was quite willing to do it for me." And did you leave everything to her?

M. N. (Suffolk).—"All the members of our cricket team are over six feet in height." Then there should be some tall scoring.

MRS. S. (Slough).—"What do you think the man said when I asked him if he depended upon anybody for support?" Anybody.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope marked "Free Advice" is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

SALESMAN (Derby).—"The stock had got very mixed, none of the boots or shoes being in pairs." All at sixes and sevens, in fact.

TIMID (Christchurch).—"I am not getting on as well as I would like with my riding and jumping lessons." The only way to succeed is to keep on.

A. C. (Wembley).—"He married a girl he met while playing in a mixed ice-hockey match." Perhaps she swept him off his feet.

J. R. (Turnham Green).—"When I took a girl out she stopped and looked in the windows of twenty milliners' shops." You should have bought her something at the first one.

H. W. (Christchurch).—"During the boxing bout the contestants put up such a good show, the audience was applauding the whole time." Round after round of it.

S. R. (Rye).—"The man who keeps straight on regardless of all obstacles has a future." In the police court, answering a summons for disregarding the traffic lights.

CYCLIST (Tooting).—"I am now content to pedal along comfortably, whereas last year I wanted to overtake everything on the road." But that was only a passing craze.

★ PROMOTER (City).—"If the womenfolk unanimously decide to sniff at something you have put on the market, you might as well withdraw it at once." Unless, of course, it is a new perfume.

CONTRACTOR (Devon).—"The last shipload of stone I purchased for road-making has not the wear in it that was represented." It is not all it was cracked up to be.

CONFECTIONER (Rugby).—"I have just added ice-cream to my other lines, but somehow cannot manage to serve them looking neat and shapely." But they are soon licked into shape.

MRS. M. (Bristol).—"My twins are very much alike and used to be always together, but lately they seem to have had a private quarrel, which I cannot understand." You can't tell what is the difference between them.

P. T. (Chingford).—"Name me something more annoying for a camper than to awake and find the tent on the ground." No finding it on the ground.

C. B. (Ealing).—"There is a lot of gas about the nobility." Title-tattle.

WATCHMAKER (Liverpool).—"I sell most of my clocks and watches on the easy payment system." On tick, so to speak.

BARBER (London, N.).—"I startled a customer the other day." Did you tell him it was getting rather thick on top?

F. N. V. (Chorley).—"We can't contradict the law of gravity." Although some try.

R. L. (Sutton).—"I never found out what kind of a car it was that ran me down." A new one on you.

TENOR (Amersham).—"Before my aunt number the doors of the hall were closed." Heavens! Do you sing as badly as that?

S. N. (Catford).—"Thieves took all the coconuts that we were going to use as prizes." They knocked them out.

A. L. (Torquay).—"What is the most natural thing for a man to have after cutting down a big tree?" A bonfire.

L. M. P. (Highgate).—"The demand for armaments is sending up the cost of motoring." But see how *Bullets* brings it down! For a few words built on the *Example* from page 43 you can win 5,000 miles of care-free motoring with a cheque for £25, £100, or £750.

JOURNALIST (Enfield).—"A famous London publisher rang me up yesterday. Wrong numbers are annoying, aren't they?

★ SHOPWALKER (Birmingham).—"I was very amused to hear a complaining customer being told off by the assistant for being inconsiderate." A counter-attack.

CRANE DRIVER (Preston).—"The hook of the crane-arm accidentally caught in my overalls and lifted me clean over the staging." You were taken up with your work.

MABEL (Tooting).—"Each morning for the last week as I've gone to work I've seen a tall, dark man knocking around the road in which I live, and I cannot make out who he is or what he's doing." The postman?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips."

THE WIGAN EXAMINER:—"She carried a sheaf of HAREM lilies tied with a wide bow of silver ribbon."

THE SUNDAY TIMES:—"If all goes well, the next ascent will be made with several thousands of these small BALLROOMS and an ascent in a closed basket . . ."

HINCKLEY TIMES AND GUARDIAN:—"There was a sequel to an accident in which the RAILWAYS of the Congregational Chapel were knocked down . . ."

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—"So boring on occasions were the slow-motion tactics of both SOXES that a section of the crowd . . ."

DEREHAM AND FAKENHAM TIMES:—"You committed two most FRAGRANT motoring offences . . ."

EDINBURGH EVENING DISPATCH:—"This spring, some 300,000 gallons of WEEK-killing spray will be used . . ."

LIVER & STOMACH DISORDERS

TWELVE DISTINCT HERBS BANISH GLOOM AND RESTORE JOY OF LIVING

For more than 70 years Mother Seigel's Brand Digestive Syrup has been known all over the world as the finest of all family remedies for Biliousness, Pain after eating, Flatulence, Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Acidity, and other Liver and Stomach Disorders.

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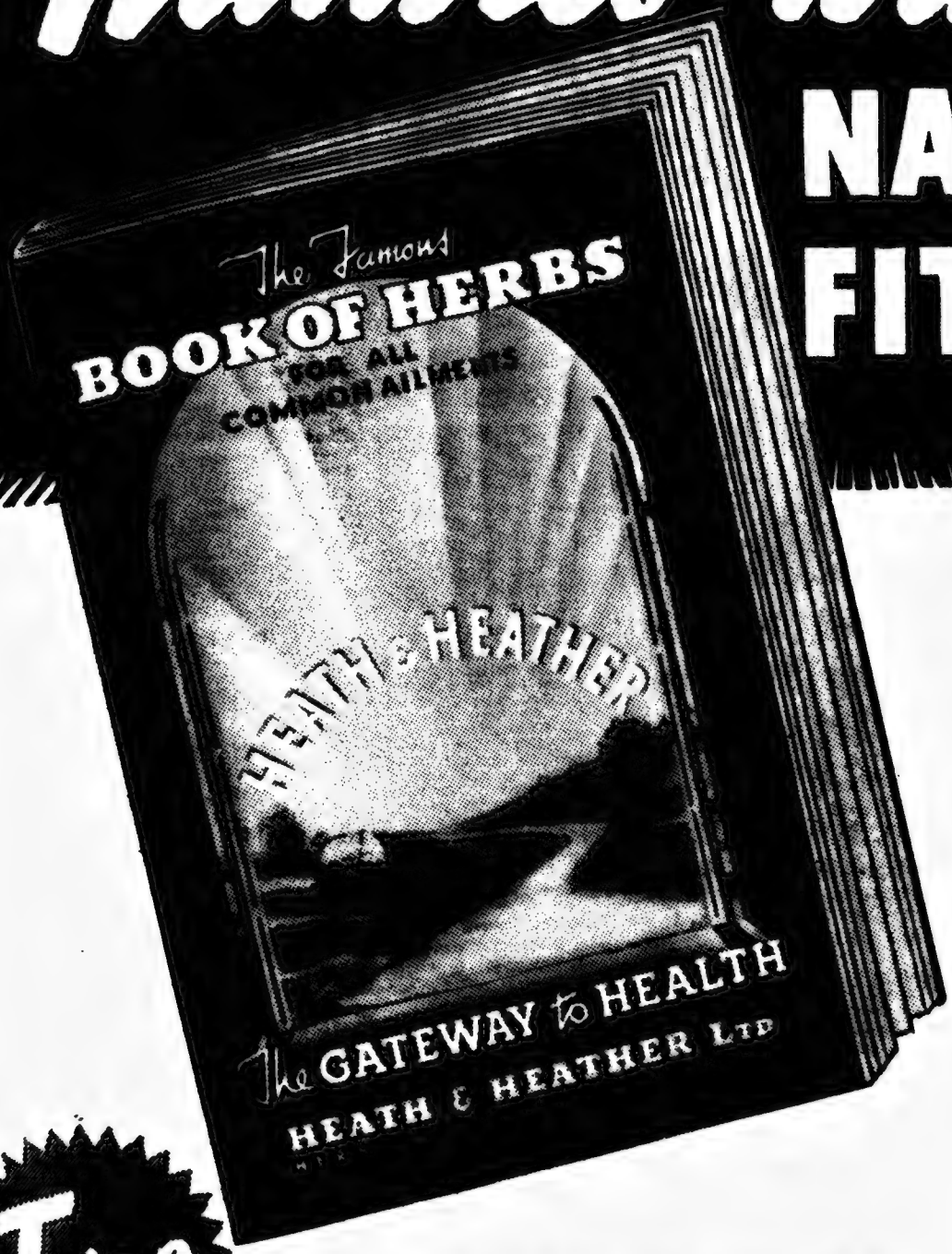

CONTENTS OF 1937 EDITION

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LIFE INCOME, HUGE FORTUNE and FREE CELEBRATION

3,000 GUINEAS

Huge Pension, Fortune and Holiday for "John Bull's" Birthday Puzzle!

HERE, to celebrate JOHN BULL's 31st Birthday, is one of the finest Pension-plus fortune prizes ever seen in a Crossword Offer, crowned by an unforgettable Millionaire's Holiday for two at JOHN BULL's expense. Beat all your rivals in this historic Contest and you will receive at once the staggering sum of £1,500 cash. Before you have had time to recover from that pleasant shock, your first £20 Life Pension Cheque will arrive, to be followed by another and another and another—in fact, by a stream of such cheques, one every month as long as you live.

To celebrate this overwhelming success, an outright winner—and there have been 85 in our common-sense Contests already—will be privileged to take a chosen companion to any holiday resort he or she selects where first-class hotel accommodation will be provided. Railway fares and £20 extra Holiday Cash will also be paid by JOHN BULL.

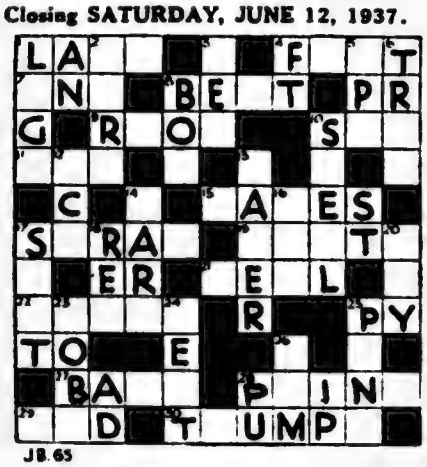
The fine increased sum of £200 is available for Runners-up, and another sensational feature of this Holiday prize-list is the addition to every cash prize of £1 or more of a magnificent real pigskin adjustable suit-case. Every winner, moreover, who enters one of the Birthday Gift Coupons with three or more paid or prize coupons will be presented with a Birthday Gift value £2.

Lose no time in tackling the fascinating Clues on this page, for your completed Squares must reach JOHN BULL by Saturday, June 12.

CUT ALONG THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 65. Closing SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1937.

JB.65



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In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

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FREE HELP WITH YOUR CROSSWORDS

You are invited to enclose this Coupon with your Entry.

I have affixed 3d. in stamps for postage on "Crossword Gazette" and "Bullets Bulletin." Please arrange—
(a) A 6 weeks' Free supply.
(b) Extension of my present supply.
(Delete (a) or (b), whichever does not apply.)

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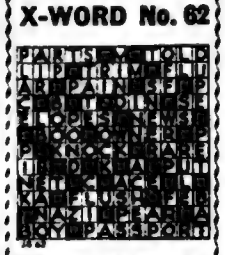
YOUR FREE X-WORD COUPON IS ON OPPOSITE PAGE

X-WORD No. 62



Winners on page 42.

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square above.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette." Secure your free weekly copy by using reservation coupon below.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

PRESENTED on these pages is the sixty-fifth of JOHN BULL's entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of the Adjudication Committee consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one correct square has completed the puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any point in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, June 24, 1937. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL's free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

CLUES ACROSS

1. This usually means trimming
4. What acrobats' performance often is
7. Half of two in money
8. Some factories would be rendered idle if this gave out
9. That of weeds is soon dealt with by tidy gardener
10. Ocean
11. Took a seat
15. There may be trouble when these break upon the ship
17. Is often used for some other purpose after thrashing
19. Skins
21. People are occasionally taken in by swindler's
22. Command
27. In which expensive sort of chocolates are often sold
28. Can almost always be removed by suitable treatment
29. This of flowers is hard to copy exactly
30. Are essential to some tricks

CLUES DOWN

1. Parts of tree used as fuel
2. Short for certainty
3. Jerry-built houses are often this
5. Imitate
6. Often carries advertisement
8. Is usually shut up when sat upon
10. Sculler often takes on water
12. Perform on stage
13. Cutting this with razor blade is rather silly
14. Should be carefully watched while training
16. Meadow in Orleans
17. One after another takes money from automatic machine patron
18. Colour denoting danger
20. Some authorities have to keep watch on
23. Gown
24. Needed when you're tired
25. They're usually shallow
26. Should be cut with great care

ENTRY FEE For two squares send P.O. for 6d.; for four squares, send 1s.; for six squares, send 1s. 6d., entitling you to enclose one FREE ENTRY Coupon bearing two extra squares.

EXTRA SQUARES POST FREE

For this special Contest only, you may enter as many coupons as you wish, and may enclose all in same envelope. Further squares will appear in next week's "John Bull." For extra squares send penny postcard to "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette Dept., 80, Bedford Street, W.C.2, stating number of coupons (each with two squares) required.

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. For three coupons (six squares) send ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE and become entitled to enter two additional Gift Squares provided. If making additional entries, one allowed free with each three paid. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand) to reach us not later than Saturday, June 12.

2.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, mis-delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 24, 1937. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, June 29, in accordance with directions given with result and enclosing £1 scrutiny fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prizes. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should first prize be shared, 3,000 guineas cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the rules and conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

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YOUR EXTRA PRESENTATION

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CLOSING SATURDAY JUNE 12

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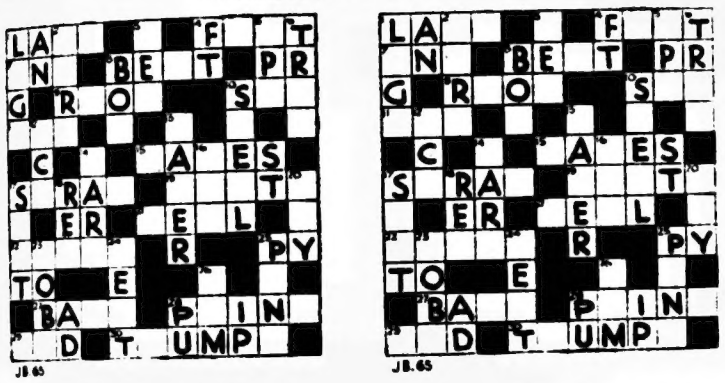

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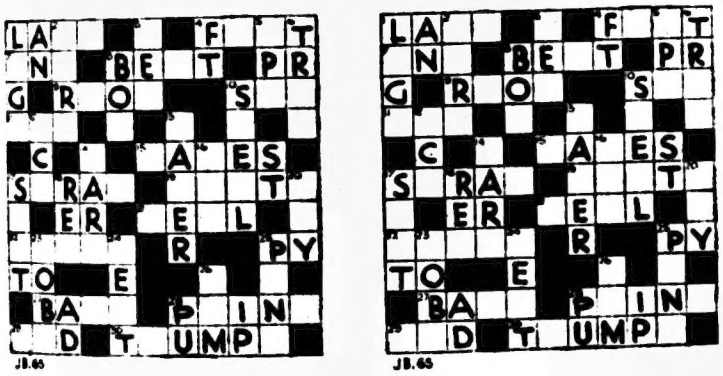

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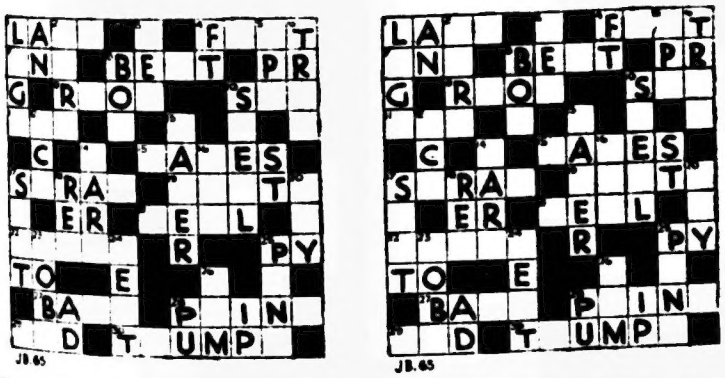

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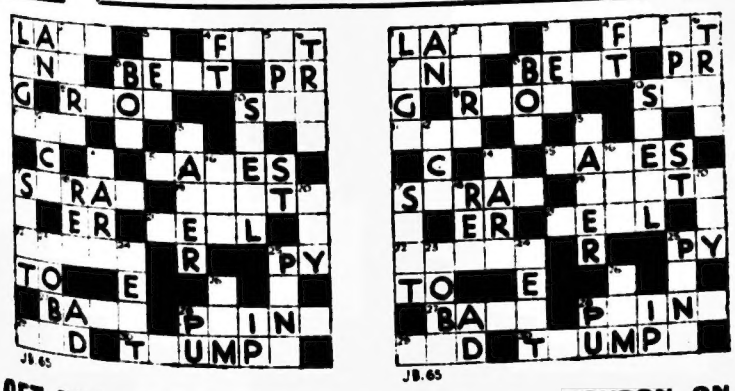

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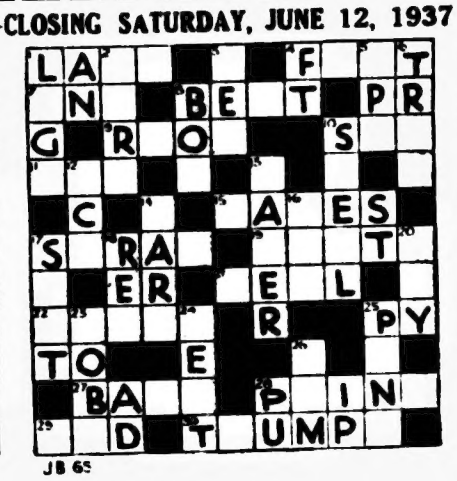

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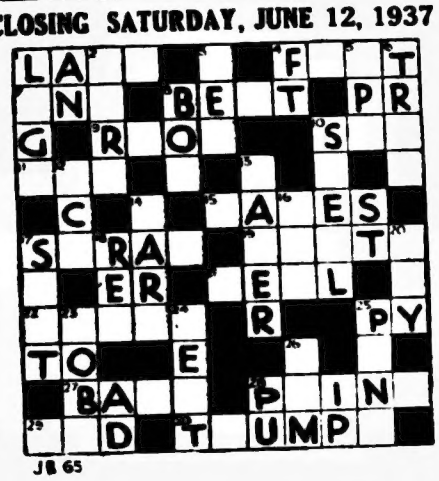

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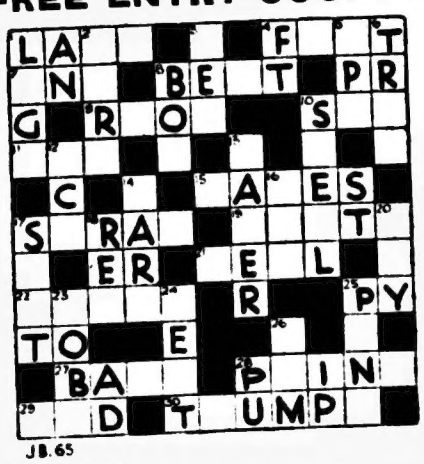

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ADDRESS ENTRY : Crossword No. 65, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG, ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

DIRT KEEPS THE CHILDREN'S CLINICS BUSY

If you've ever been into a child clinic you've seen them—children with bad legs, septic wounds and festering sores. How much of the trouble was caused by neglect?—neglect of simple precautions against the deadly dangers of dirt. Dirt breeds germs, and germs breed misery and disease. No man, woman or child can afford to take the risks of neglect. Men with money to earn and families to keep. Women with families to bring up. Children with their lives before them. One and all must be on their guard, constantly, lest disease of dirt contamination catch them unawares. Your health is in your own hands. Its preservation is your duty!

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A BOY FELL OFF HIS 'BIKE'—GRAZED HIS KNEE

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NOW HE'LL NEVER RIDE AGAIN

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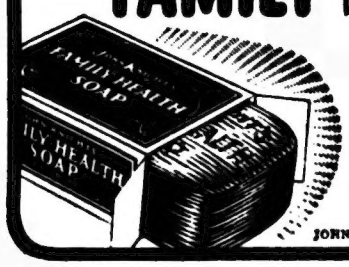

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Help Kidneys

Clean Out Poisonous Acids

Your Kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by cheap, irritating drugs or neglect. Unknown to you, weak Kidneys may be the real cause of your Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Bladder Trouble, Headaches, Backache, Rheumatism, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Acidity Burning, Smarting, or Lost Vigour. Don't take chances. Your life may be in danger. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Siss-tex) from any chemist. £1,000 deposited with Westminster Bank, London, backs up Cystex Guarantee to bring new health and vitality in 48 hours, make you feel 10 years younger and to cure troubles in 8 days or money back on return of empty packet. Get Cystex to-day.

CATARRH HAY FEVER etc.

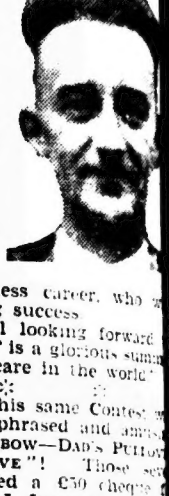
Relieve these distressing troubles which sap energy, affect hearing, sight and health. Powerful soothing, germicidal vapours permeate nasal and throat passages, permitting free breathing. Helps to stop snoring. Price 1/6 per tube at Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors and 4,000 Chemists. If any difficulty remit direct to Dr. Singha Co., Ltd., Caernarvon, G.B.

Dr. SINGHA

CATARRH JELLY

PRINTER beats Postman to "Bullets"

£500



Interview with Winner

FOR fourteen years, he told a JOHN BULL man, Mr. W. Lamb has worked in the printing department of the well-known house of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son. Four years ago he was promoted foreman, but his greatest thrill came one morning only a few days ago.

Called to the telephone that Friday, he heard his wife's excited voice telling him that a Joy Wire had arrived at his home—36, Plough Lane, Wimbledon—from JOHN BULL, congratulating him on winning the First Prize!

In *Bullets* 1,070th Contest, you see, Mr. Lamb had entered the neat and timely effort, MAN ON THE THRONE—MODEST EMPEROR—PROUD DAD. His reward was the fine First Prize consisting of £500 cash and a day's work as a *Bullets* judge, at a "salary" of £25.

"There is no doubt where a good bit of my £500 will go," Mr. Lamb said. "For several years we have been gradually buying this house—I don't mind telling you it has been a hard struggle. That worry will be removed and we will be able to spend money on badly needed decorations and repairs."

Besides his wife, this 41-year-old winner has a son and a daughter, each just started on a business career, who [illegible] benefit from his big success.

"What we are all looking forward most," he declared, "is a glorious summ holiday, without a care in the world."

* * *

Second Prize in this same Contest [illegible] won with the well-phrased and amusi *Bullet*, LIKE A RAINBOW—DAD'S PULLO —ESPECIALLY "CURVE"! Those [illegible] simple words secured a £50 cheque their sender, Mr. R. I. Jones, 49, C Bangor, whose picture you [illegible] of this column.

"My effort was constructed q easily," this postman driver told J BULL. "I have spent much [illegible] over *Bullets* that were 'also rans'!

"My wife was thrilled to hear the [illegible] news of my £50 success," Mr. Jones [illegible] lated. "Our daughter, however, was m interested in her first tooth!"

* * *

Whether you are a family man or married, a busy housewife or a [illegible] girl, you could not fail to [illegible] joys from one of those [illegible] Cash-plus-Motoring prizes to be won week. And, whatever your [illegible] you can win one if you will but try.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 1,071.

First Prize, £500 and Furnished Coronation Room:
F. E. MORRIS, 12, Esmond Road, Kilburn, London, N.W.

Example: IN DIGS
Bullet: TILL CUPID'S DART "LODGED."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

J. McBRIDE, Springvale, Castlerock, Co. Derry.
Example: Fine Fellow
Bullet: Dad, Until Children "Refined."

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

J. M. McLACHLAN, 35, Mossgiel Road, Newlands, Glasgow.
Example: Bad Time
Bullet: Nudist Had, Frying Sausages!

OTHER PRIZES:

£10: Mrs. M. COULTHARD, 141, Brookside, Carlisle.
Darns And Patches—Democracy, Without "Purple Robe."

£9 10s.: J. IRVING, 72, Larolen Road, Acton, London, W.
Fine Fellow—Busman—Cured My Indigestion!

£9: R. H. NICKLESS, Jnr., 4, De Vere Villas, Course Road, Ascot.
Stout Allies—"The Cause" Is Sonny.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£8 10s.: Mrs. A. PICKERING, 21, Brocksbank Avenue, Lidget Green, Bradford.
Where We'll Go—"Go" Decides—Go Decisively!

£8: F. HOOD, 16, Grant Crescent, Seaham Harbour.
Youth's Heritage—"Pastures," Not War's "Mud."

£7 10s.: L. J. SPARKE, 39, Chestnut Drive, Birmingham.
Packet Of Trouble—Unwanted—"Pack Up." Agitator!

£7: Mrs. W. WHITLOCK, 1, Cwm Terrace, Treboeth.
Darns And Patches—And Striving—And Respected.

£6 10s.: W. THOMAS, 9, Church Lane, Stoke, Coventry.
My Contribution—"Big One"—He's Drummer-boy.

£6: Mrs. DAVENPORT, 15, O[illegible] Manchester.
In The Best Circles—Cred[illegible] ning Round."

£5 10s.: V. MACE, High S[illegible] Marsh, Glos.
Stout Allies—Wife—Baby W[illegible]
(Entered on "Season T[illegible]

£5: J. McKIRDY, 30, Mount S[illegible] Rothesay, N.B.
Packet Of Trouble—In "L[illegible] Hydrogen.

£4 10s.: HILDA F. HILL, Ma[illegible] Lane, Torquay, Devon.
Youth's Heritage—This Englan[illegible]

£4: E. LEES, 1, Vaughan S[illegible] Leicester.
Motorists v. Police—Unless They[illegible] Cyclists!

£3 10s.: Miss M. PERRY, 56, A[illegible] Bristol.
In Digs—Old Actor's Best "A[illegible]

£3: F. J. LANCASTER, 32, C[illegible] Shirley, Warwicks.
Sandy's Extravagance—"R[illegible] Shilling, Too!

3 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

H. BEDFORD, 60, Hendon Way [illegible]
Through The Mud—Then [illegible] Nib!

J. BOUNDY, 19, Graig Road, G[illegible] wen, Ammanford, Carm.
Age Of Machinery—*Inside* [illegible] Grandpa.

D. H. GRAHAM, 75, The Aven[illegible] Essex.
Fine Fellow—Choked Fear—[illegible]

Each of the above winners up to £50 also h the choice of a Coronation Bonus consisting a Canteen of Cutlery or Striking Clock, as ha 30 of £1. A list of these, together with t 2s. 6d. winners, can be seen at these offices.

2 BIG CHEQUES WON IN CROSSWORD No. 62

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 62, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the most meritorious Set of Answers on one Square (see page 40) were the following two competitors:

H. BISBEY, 33, Heath Street, Hednesford, Staffs.

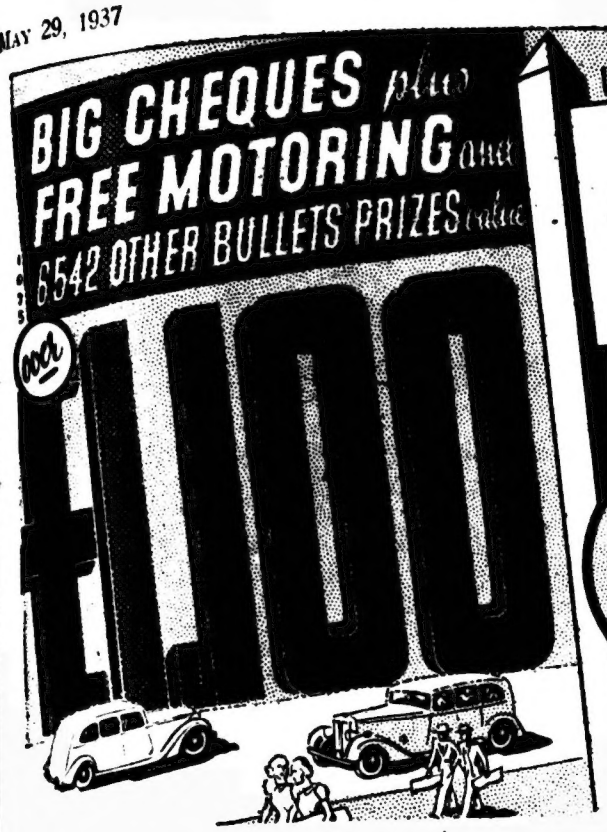
J. KERR, 112, Bothwell Park, Bellshill, Lanarks.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Pr[illegible] and a cheque for £375 will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must [illegible] a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, June 1, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares [illegible] and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the [illegible] Editor of "John Bull."

No Scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This Pr[illegible] divided between 51 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of [illegible] apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive [illegible] A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

Additional Awards, value £100, will be divided between Runners-up from whom we received [illegible] of 1s. or over in this contest.



UNIQUE 2-in-1 FIRST PRIZE

£750

plus 500 MILES OF FREE MOTORING !

£100 plus FREE MOTORING

£25 plus FREE MOTORING

6,542 OTHER PRIZES

£15	£10	£9	£8	
£7	£6	£5	£4.10	£4
£3.10	£3	6 of £2.10	25 of £1	
500 of 2/6	2,000 'DOUBLE-STAR TARGETS'	4,000 'STAR TARGETS'		

YOUR THREE FREE MOTORING WEEK-ENDS

As First, Second or Third Prize-winner, "John Bull" will arrange for a Family Car and competent Driver to be placed at your disposal for any Three week-ends (Saturday and Sunday) prior to August 31st, 1937. Thus you will be able to enjoy up to 500 miles of trouble-free motoring without cost during the loveliest part of the coming Summer

500 MILES OF GLORIOUS FREE MOTORING

ONLY ONE WEEK TO WIN IN THIS GIANT 'BULLETS' OFFER — CLOSING POSTMARK SAT. JUNE 5

MAKE YOURS A GOLDEN SUMMER WITH A FINE CASH-PLUS-MOTORING PRIZE!

CONTINUING an unbroken run of magnificent one-week *Bullets* Offers, JOHN BULL announces to-day a giant prize-list in which awards totalling over £1,100 include a trio of fine Cash-plus-Motoring prizes without parallel.

Just think for a moment of all the joys in store for the chief winners in this week's outstanding Offer—each with a Family Car and efficient Chauffeur at their disposal for any three week-ends this summer, to enjoy 500 miles of glorious free motoring! This unique summer motoring privilege goes with this Contest's fine Second and Third Prizes as well as with the splendid First.

On Friday, June 18, a gay Greetings telegram will bring to some entrant in this week's Contest JOHN BULL's congratulations on capturing that £750 Fortune and fine Free Motoring prize. A few simple words linked with one of those 36 interesting *Examples* provided on this page are all you need to carry off that splendid 2-in-1 award.

So as soon as you have read carefully through the simple instructions below, start on the *Examples* and a big success may well be yours.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

SELECT, say, half a dozen *Examples* and against each one jot down all the ideas it suggests to your mind.

Now each of your finished *Bullets* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with the selected *Example*. Your next step, then, is to improve the phrasing of your rough notes.

Suppose, for instance, that you had been attracted by the *Example*, MONEY'S HIS GOD, SO—. Against it you might first scribble down the rough note, *Thinks Riches Will Get Him Into Heaven*. This you could readily condense into the typical *Bullet*, MONEY'S HIS GOD, SO—THINKS *Heaven's* "SEATS" PURCHASABLE.

Before you start on your own *Bullets*, study the good points of the successful efforts in our 1,071st Contest on the opposite page. Then make a start without delay, remembering that your entry must be postmarked on or before Saturday, June 5.

RECORD WORLD CRUISE OFFER COMING

For *Bullets* 1,077th Competition the Record Midsummer First Prize will be a 40,000-mile World Cruise, £1,250 cash and £6 Weekly for Life—or lump sum of 3,000 Guineas. Other Holiday Cheques galore and great new £500 Bonus Distribution.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

(Competition No. 1,075)

LONGING FOR HOME
WHEN BLOSSOMS FADE
TO TIGHTEN THE KNOT
CHANCE FOR THE CHURCH
WAVE OF UNREST
PREVENTED A STRIKE
BETTER SERVICE
PLACE OF HONOUR
OUR FOREMAN THINKS
LIKE A BUTTERFLY
EVERYBODY CHEERED WHEN
SHE CLOSED HER EYES AND

MOTHER'S RIGHT	"I LIKE THAT!"
FETTERS	STREET ARAB
GOING OFF	PITILESS
NO GO	CAN'T RETIRE
LANDED	SUPPRESSED
KNEELING	MY CHOICE

MADE HIM LOSE HEART
MONEY'S HIS GOD, SO
FIRST OF ALL
ON MONDAY MORNING
IT LOOKS DREADFUL, BUT
GLAD TO LEAVE
THE SPECIALIST
MADE ALL THE DIFFERENCE
SATISFIED CUSTOMER
WHEN WE MEET
AT THE REHEARSAL
GRANNY BELIEVES

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,070 will be displayed in the window of Mr. C. W. Cockman, Newsagent and Tobacconist, 50, Plough Lane, London, S.W.

FREE TO OBTAIN SIX FREE ISSUES OF "BULLETS BULLETIN" (AND CROSSWORD GAZETTE) YOU ARE INVITED TO ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH "BULLETS" OR CROSSWORD ENTRY.

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of *Bullets Bulletin* and JOHN BULL's *Crossword Gazette*. I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Supply can be arranged more speedily by posting coupon direct to BULLETIN DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2.

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,075) Closing postmark SAT., June 5. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,075) Closing postmark SAT., June 5. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST POST SATURDAY, JUNE 5.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,075) Closing postmark SAT., June 5. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,075) Closing postmark SAT., June 5. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

If you want to enter further "Bullets," you can write them on plain paper.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co.". Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,075 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,075, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

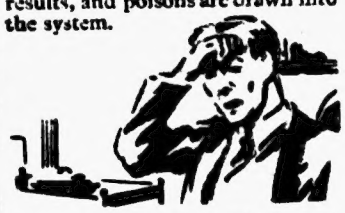
Special Announcement to all INDIGESTION Sufferers

How CICFA Tablets banish Agony & Discomfort in Stomach and INTESTINES

INTESTINAL INDIGESTION causes

CONSTIPATION with GRIPING PAINS

Undigested food turns into small hard starch balls which obstruct the passage of waste. Constipation results, and poisons are drawn into the system.



BILIOUSNESS

Many people blame their liver when all the time their trouble is indigestion in the intestines. If you suffer 'liverish' symptoms, irritability, giddiness, weariness, attend to the *real* cause of the trouble.

Lack of APPETITE

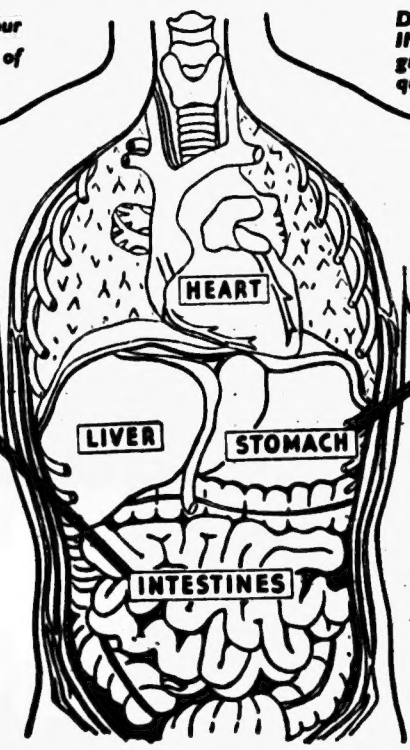
Thousands—millions of persons, cannot eat without suffering. No wonder their appetite disappears. No wonder that a digestive system which is cluttered up with undigested food fails to arouse the desire for more.

also **FLATULENCE, DULL HEADACHES, YELLOW TONGUE, RHEUMATISM**

Do you know that your stomach is only part of your digestive system?

Do you know that your INTESTINES (see diagram) must digest three-quarters of all you eat?

Here you have **INTESTINAL INDIGESTION** *causing these Symptoms*



Here you have **STOMACH INDIGESTION** *causing these Symptoms*

STOMACH INDIGESTION causes

White TONGUE

Look at your tongue. If it is white then it is the most familiar sign of stomach disorder. Your tongue reflects the lining of your stomach: a clean tongue, a clean stomach. A dirty tongue, a disordered stomach.

ACIDITY with HEARTBURN

Sufferers who take remedies to dispel acidity are not removing the CAUSE of this distressing symptom. Only a remedy which actually helps you to digest your food can banish acidity for good.

Sharp HEADACHES

Sharp, neuralgic head pains indicate 'nervous sympathy' with a disordered stomach. Pain-killers may dull this agony, but cannot possibly put right the trouble in your stomach.

also **BELCHING, PALPITATION, Dislike of FOOD, PAIN behind Left Shoulder**

DON'T LET YOUR FOOD MAKE YOU SUFFER!

Your food should nourish you, and give you STRENGTH and VITALITY. But how many people are half starved, weak and listless, because their food is wasted through indigestion? Most suffering is caused by intestinal indigestion. Three-quarters of all you eat should be digested in your intestines, and that's why "treating your stomach" cannot remove the CAUSE of your suffering. Begin your meals with a CICFA Tablet! Each tablet contains natural digestives to help your stomach and also digestives to help your intestines (where most of your food must be digested). The first meal you begin with CICFA means RELIEF and extra VITALITY, and with every small dose you are removing the CAUSE of your pain and discomfort, daily becoming better NOURISHED. Your Chemist sells CICFA. Do not accept substitutes. There is only one CICFA . . the remedy which DIRECTLY helps you to ENJOY and DIGEST ALL your food. POST COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE NOW!

All Chemists **1/3 & 3/-**

CICFA

PRONOUNCED "SIK-FAH" BRAND TABLETS

TESTED JB

FREE SAMPLE!

Send a postcard (1d. stamp) with your name and address and receive a Free Supply of this wonderful CICFA. Only one sample given to each family. Address your postcard. The CICFA CO., Ltd., Dept. J.B. 48a, King George's Avenue, Watford.

CURES INDIGESTION CONSTIPATION FLATULENCE & ACIDITY

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